

DECEMBER

No. 1

# SILVER STREAK COMICS

**10**  
CENTS



**ACTION!**

**THRILLS!**

**ADVENTURE!**

A  
BRAND  
NEW  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE

**8**

THRILLING FEATURES  
INCLUDING  
THE CLAW  
CAPT. FEARLESS  
SPIRITMAN





[illegible]



# INDIAN LORE

*the Tom-Tom* by JACK A. WARREN

THE TOM TOM A PIECE OF RAWHIDE STRETCHED OVER A HOOP. IT WAS FIRST USED BY THE MEDICINE MAN OF AN INDIAN TRIBE. HE BEAT UPON IT AND CHANTED IN RYTHM TO THE PATIENTS HEART BEAT. THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO DRIVE AWAY THE EVIL SPIRITS. THE MEDICINE MAN WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR NEW IDEAS TO MYSTIFY HIS PEOPLE "TO MAKE GOOD MEDICINE" SO HE WOULD BE A BIG CHIEF IN HIS TRIBE. HE FOUND THE RYTHMATIC BEAT OF THE TOM COULD INFLUENCE THEM.



THE STEADY BEAT OF THE TOM-TOM COULD INCITE WARRIORS OF THE TRIBE TO BATTLE MORE THAN TALK. THE CONTINUOUS RYTHM WOULD BUILD THEM UP TO A FEVER HEAT. THIS RYTHM WOULD START WITH A SLOW, LOW, STEADY BEAT AND AS IT BUILT UP INTO A FAST AND FIERCE TEMPO THE WARRIORS WOULD BECOME MORE AND MORE FRENZIED.



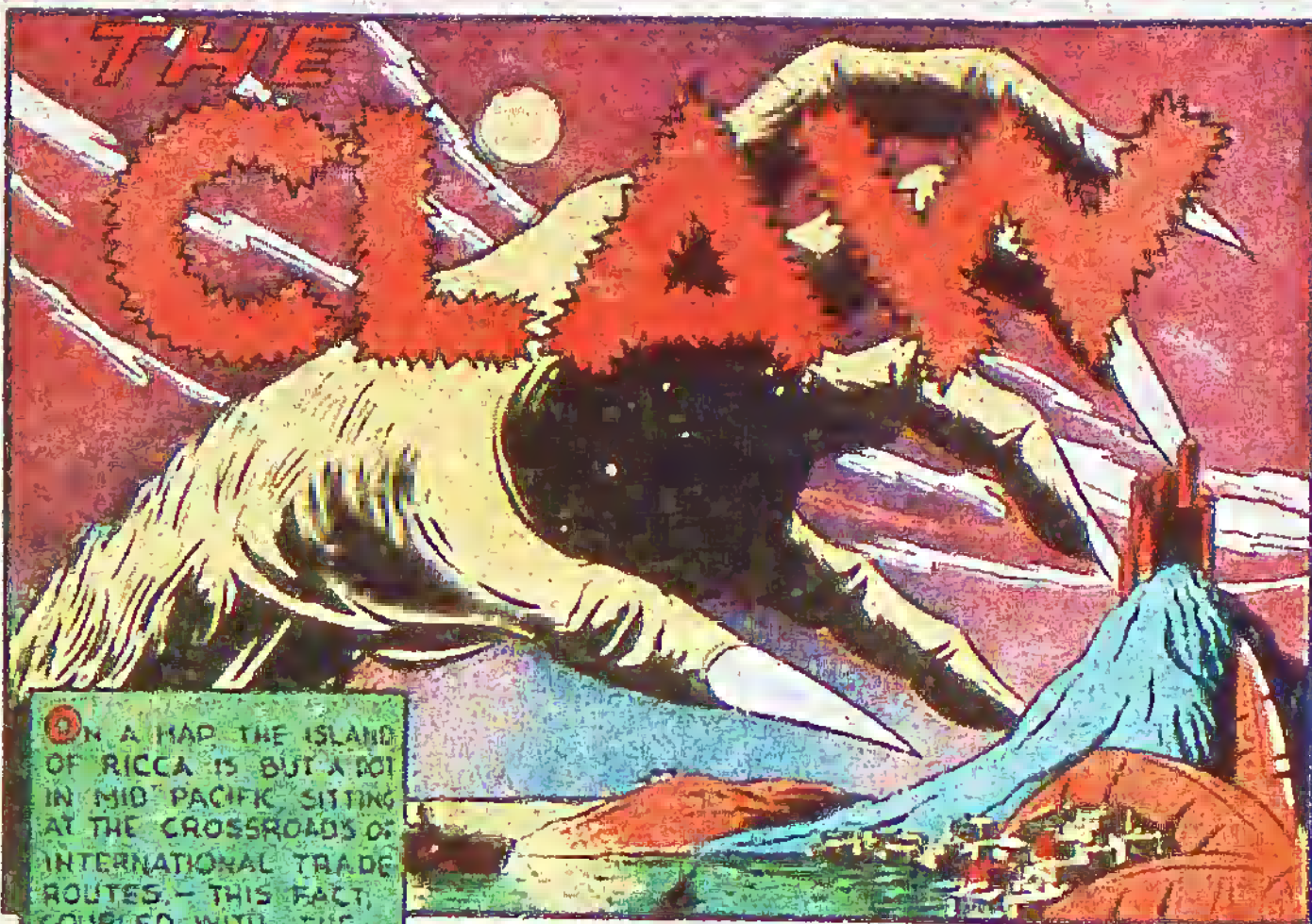
THE MANY DIFFERENT FEAST CEREMONIES CALLED FOR DANCES OF JOY AND THANKSGIVING. HERE THE TOM-TOM PLAYED ITS MOST JOYOUS PART. AS THE VISITING RELATIVES AND FRIENDS FROM OTHER TRIBES CAME AND GATHERED AROUND THE CAMPFIRE THEY FEASTED AND VISITED. THEN THE TOM-TOM WOULD START MAYBE BEATING OUT A THANKSGIVING TO THE GREAT SPIRIT. BUT EVENTUALLY IT WOULD GO INTO A LIVELY QUICK STEP FOR A DANCE OF JOY.



**NEXT ISSUE - LEARN HOW TO MAKE A DUNDY TOM-TOM - WITH NO EXPENSE TO YOU. AND HOW TO DO THE INDIAN DANCE STEPS**



# THE



ON A MAP THE ISLAND OF RICCA IS BUT A DOT IN MID PACIFIC SITTING AT THE CROSSROADS OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE ROUTES.—THIS FACT, COUPLED WITH THE IDEAL HARBOR THAT NATURE HAS PROVIDED, MAKES IT A FAVORITE STOP OVER PORT FOR PASSENGER AND FREIGHT SHIPS.—AS A RIPE CANTELOPE ATTRACTS FLIES, THUS HAVE THE MANY RICHLY LADEN VESSELS STOPPING AT RICCA BREED A BAND OF PLUNDERING DESPERADOES WHO WORK UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF "THE CLAY," A MAMMOTH CREATURE OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS WHO KEEPS A CONSTANT REIGN OF TERROR OVER THE ISLAND'S 10,000 INHABITANTS.—THE MOST BAFFLING PROBLEM OF THE SHIP-PLUNDERING IS HOW THE CARGO IS STOLEN! IT JUST DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR!

THE LINER MOROSA DROPS ANCHOR AT RICCA ON ITS WAY TO CHINA WITH A FORTUNE IN GOLD TO AID THE SUFFERING VICTIMS OF WAR.—ABOARD ARE JERRY MORRIS, CHEMIST-ADVENTURER, AND ELOISE PEARSALL AMERICA'S ONLY FEMALE AMBASSADOR.

WHAT AN ENCHANTING PLACE SO FAR AWAY FROM THE TROUBLED WORLD!

FROM WHAT I HEAR, MISS PEARSALL IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE WAY AROUND!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

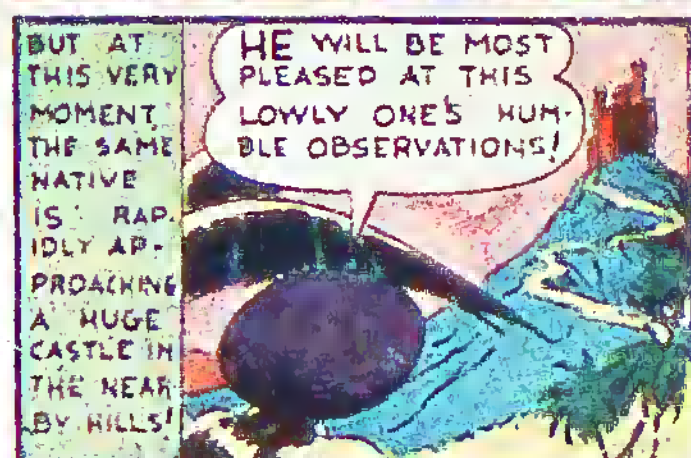
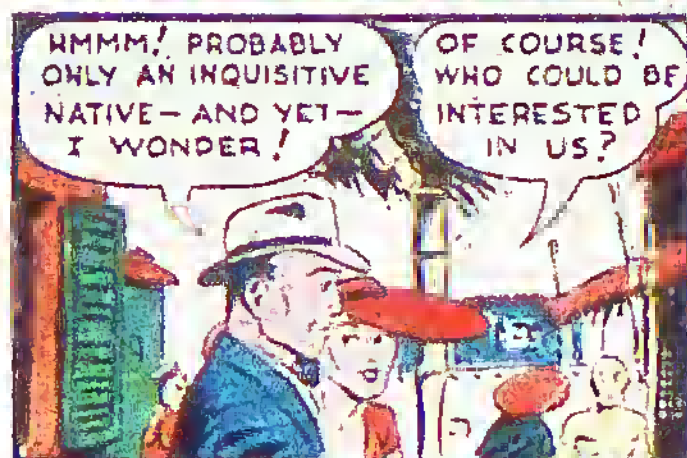
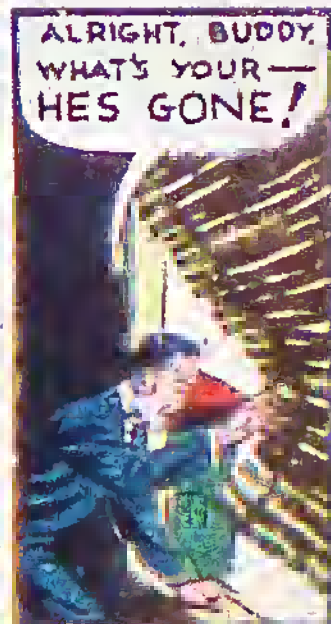
COME ASHORE AND I'LL SHOW YOU

NOW, TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE

WHY THE NATIVES!—THEY LOOK SO-SO BEATEN!—SO HOPELESS!









I HAVE, AT LAST, FOUND THE WOMAN YOU SEEK TO AID IN YOUR WORLD CONQUEST—SHE IS BEAUTIFUL AND OF RARE INTELLIGENCE! A PERFECT COMBINATION INDEED!



WELL DONE, SLAVE!—YOU SHALL BE AMPLY REPAID!



A MADDENING HUM IS HEARD!—IT IS THE HYPNOTIC HUM OF THE CLAY!—FEAR-STRICKEN ORIENTALS RUN MADLY FOR COVER AS AN EVIL SHADOW IS CAST OVER THE ENTIRE ISLAND!—IT IS AN OMEN OF IMPENDING DANGER!

AT NIGHT, A FEELING OF UNEASINESS FILLS THE ISLAND'S PEOPLE!—FOR THE CLAY ONLY APPEARS WHEN THE MOON IS FULL! **SUDDENLY A GREAT MONSTER RISES INTO VIEW!**



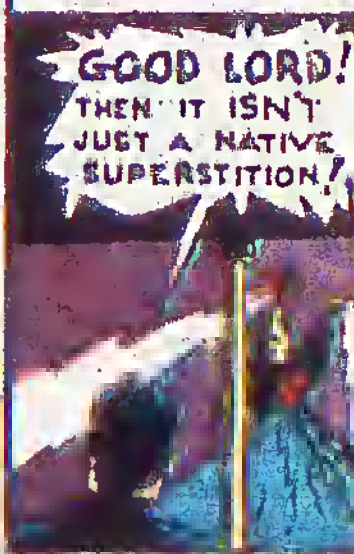


BUT, ONLY ONE NEED FEAR THIS MADMAN—ONLY ONE WILL FALL UNDER HIS SPELL TONIGHT! ELOISE PEARSALL IS AWAKENED FROM SLEEP—THEN



YES, MASTER—I-I COME!

MEANWHILE, JERRY IS ASTONISHED AT THE GRUESOME SPECTACLE



GOOD LORD! THEN IT ISN'T JUST A NATIVE SUPERSTITION!

CALLING AT ELOISE'S CABIN TO SEE IF SHE IS ALRIGHT, HE FINDS THE DOOR AJAR!



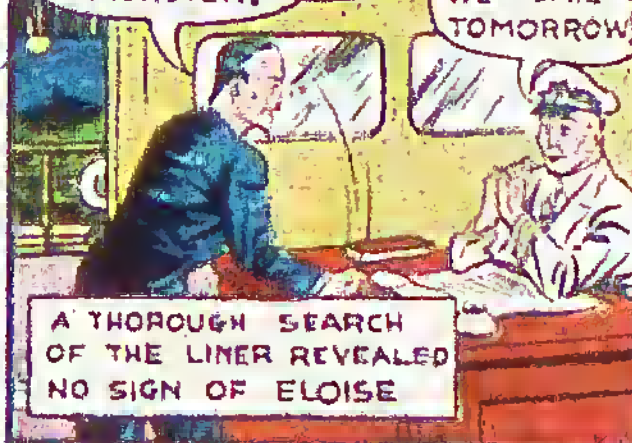
THAT'S ODD!—SHE MUST HAVE GONE OUT AND FORGOT TO CLOSE THE DOOR!

UN-NOTICED, ELOISE DIVES OVERBOARD, UNDER THE CLAWS GUIDING WILL-POWER



I'M CONVINCED, CAPTAIN, THAT MISS PEARSALL HAS MET WITH FOUL PLAY AT THE HANDS OF THIS MAD MONSTER!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? WE SAIL TOMORROW!



A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE LINER REVEALED NO SIGN OF ELOISE

IT WOULD PLACE YOU IN RATHER AN AWKWARD POSITION, IF YOU LEFT WITHOUT AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR! GIVE ME TWO DAYS AND I'LL HAVE HER BACK—I HOPE!

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE OF YOURSELF?



JUST A HUNCH, CAPTAIN, JUST A HUNCH!—WHOEVER THIS CREATURE IS, I HAVE NO IDEA, BUT HE IS A BEING OF SUPERNATURAL HYPNOTIC ABILITY, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIGHT HIM!—MY WAY!

AND YOUR WAY?



AH, BUT NOW YOU'RE ASKING QUESTIONS! ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS TO KEEP YOUR CREW ON CONSTANT GUARD AND READY FOR ACTION!

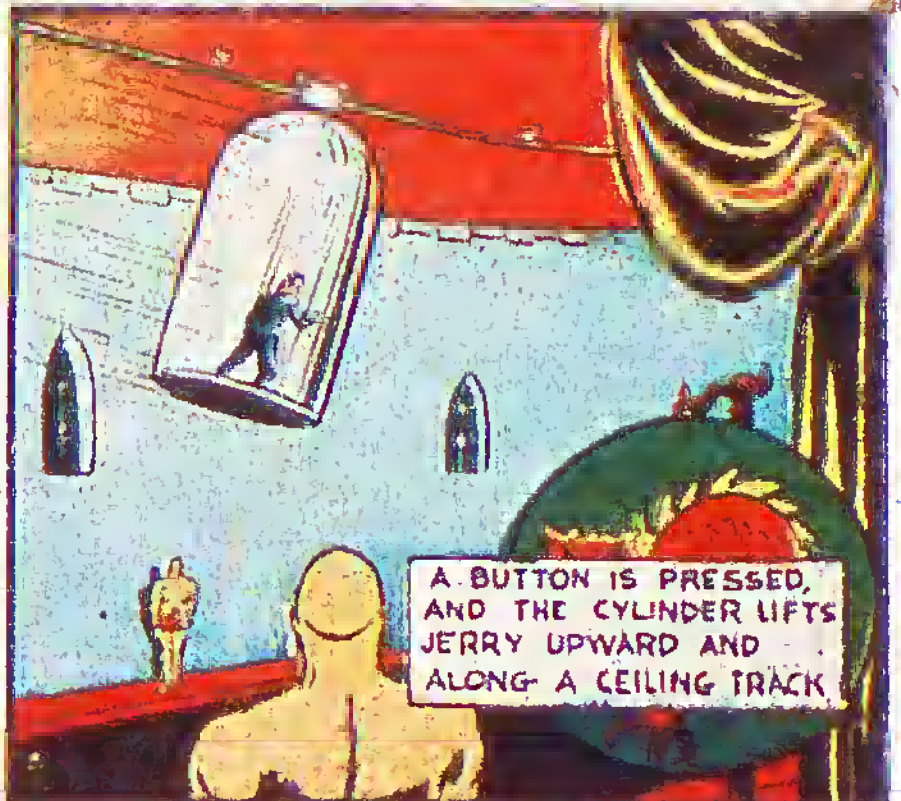
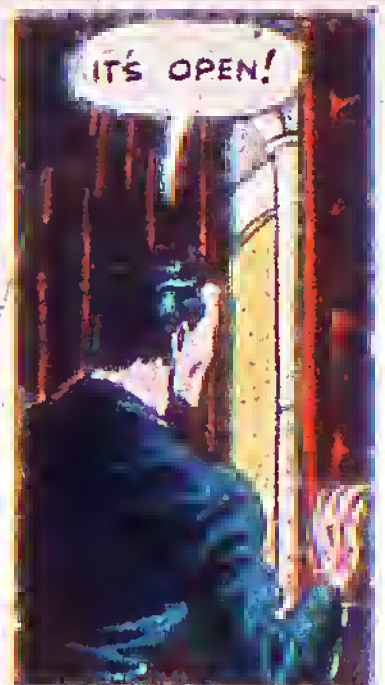


AN IMPROVISED LABORATORY TAKES SHAPE IN JERRY'S STATEROOM

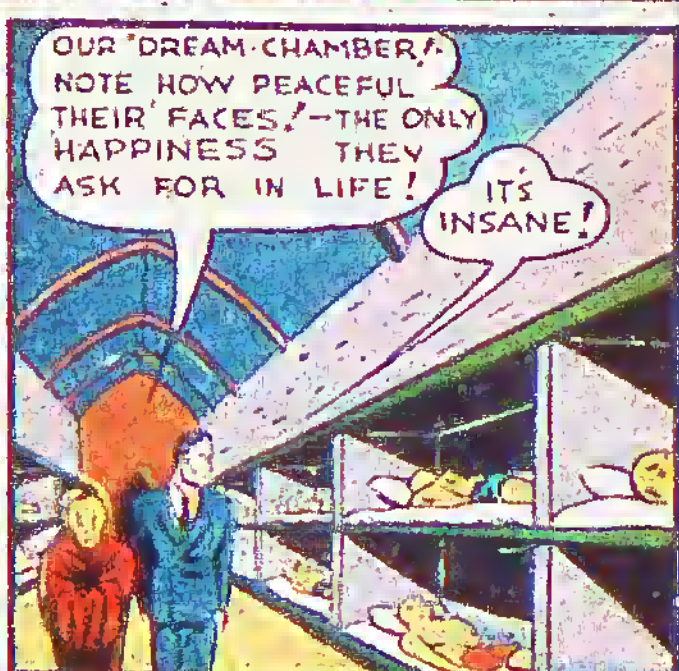
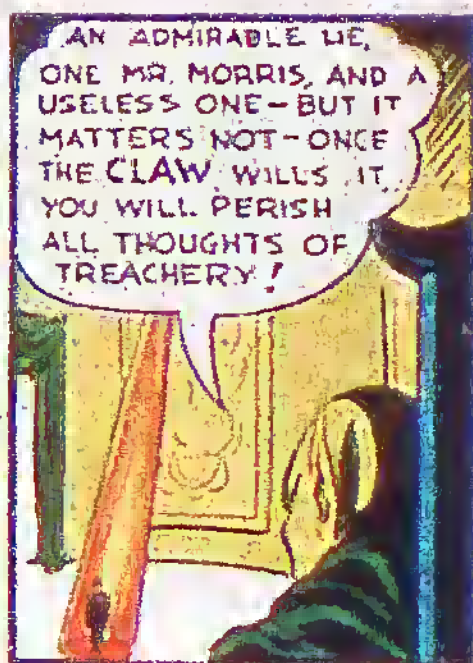


I HAD NO IDEA THIS FORMULA OF MINE WOULD RECEIVE THE ACID TEST SO SOON!











STRAPPED TO A MOVING TABLE, JERRY IS TAKEN AGAIN BEFORE THE CLAW HE FEIGNS SLEEP THE RADIUM SOLUTION CAUSING IMMUNITY FROM THE CLAW'S MAD DREAMS!

I COMMAND YOU-SLEEP-SLEEP!!

REMOVED TO THE DREAM CHAMBER AND LEFT UNTIED TO SLUMBER. JERRY SLIPS OVER TO ELOISE

POOR THING!- I'LL HAVE TO POUR THE SOLUTION IN HER MOUTH BEFORE SHE BECOMES ADDICTED!

W-WHERE AM I? THAT-THAT DREAM WAS EXQUISITE!

IT'S ME, MISS PEARSALL! YOU'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED! NOW LISTEN, AND DO AS I SAY! I WANT YOU TO ACT AS THOUGH YOU WERE STILL UNDER THE 'CLAW'S' POWER

BOTH ELOISE AND JERRY ARE PRONOUNCED PERMANENTLY ADDICTED. NEXT DAY, JERRY'S TRAINING BEGINS AT ONCE:

YOU HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE LEECH-BOAT SQUAD, TO SERVE AS AN APPRENTICE UNDER CAPTAIN HY-LANG FOR A MONTH.-AFTER THAT, YOU MAY BE PROMOTED

THEY ENTER A GIGANTIC UNDERGROUND ROOM AT SEA-LEVEL

HERE IS OUR LEECH-BOAT BASE!- PREPARE AT ONCE FOR WORK- YOU ARE GOING TO AID IN ROBBING THE VERY VESSEL YOU SAILED ON!



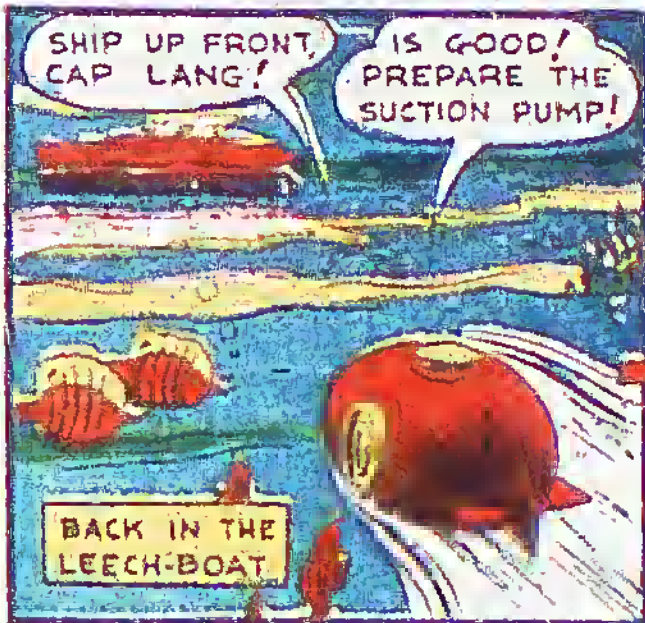
JERRY DONS A SPECIAL SUIT AND ENTERS THE HUGE LEECH-BOAT

STEP LIVELY, WE SAIL!



SHIP UP FRONT, CAP LANG!

IS GOOD! PREPARE THE SUCTION PUMP!



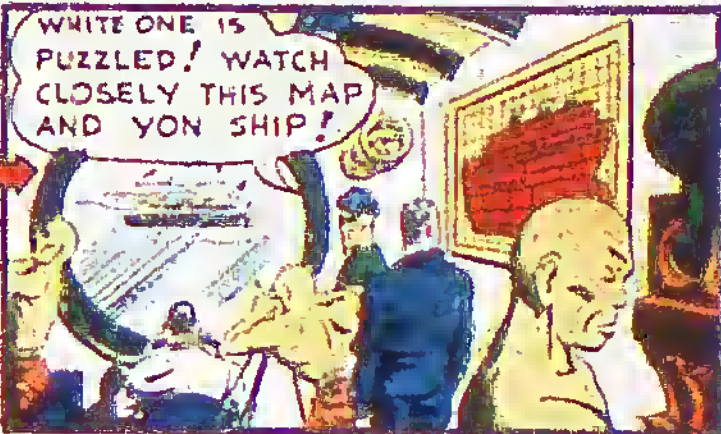
BACK IN THE LEECH-BOAT

MEANWHILE, THE CLAW CALLS ELOISE

YOU ARE MOST FORTUNATE, WHITE BEAUTY, TO BE CHOSEN FOR MY QUEEN!—THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL BE MINE, ONE DAY, AND I MUST BE PREPARED TO GIVE IT A QUEEN WORTHY OF THE CLAW!



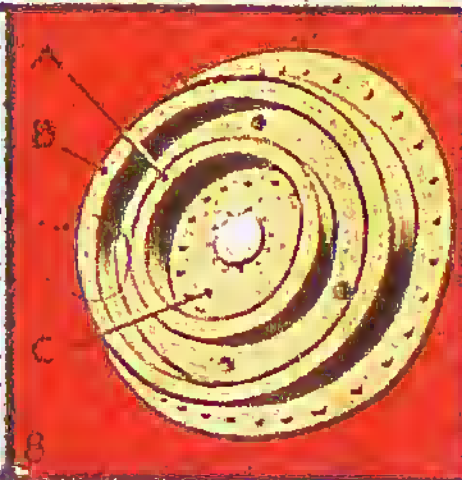
WHITE ONE IS PUZZLED! WATCH CLOSELY THIS MAP AND YON SHIP!



USING SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS A SPOT ON THE SHIP HORN-A IS SELECTED THAT CORRESPONDS EXACTLY WITH THE SPOT ON THE MAP MARKED "STRONG-ROOM". THE LEECH-BOAT THEN GLIDES AROUND SIDE, AND AT THE DESIGNATED SPOT FOUR SUCTION ARMS SHOOT OUT AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE SHIP'S SIDE!—THEN THEY DRAW THE LEECH-BOAT AND MASTER SUCTION

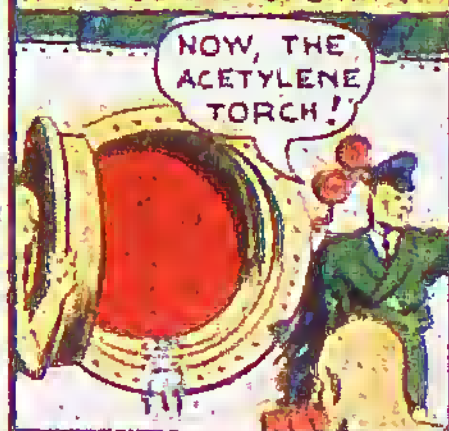


NOW THE MASTER DICK WORKS!—INNER RUBBER RING "A"—OUTER RING "B"—REST TIGHTLY AGAINST THE SHIP'S SIDE. A SUCTION IS CREATED BETWEEN THEM, HOLDING THE LEECH-BOAT SECURE AND ALLOWING DOOR "C" TO BE OPENED, WITHOUT FLOODING LEECH BOAT, AND EXPOSING THE SHIP'S SIDE!



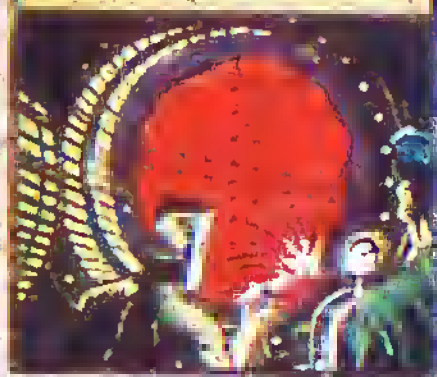
THE DOOR IS OPENED!

NOW, THE ACETYLENE TORCH!





A CIRCULAR SECTION IS REMOVED FROM THE SHIP, MOROSA.

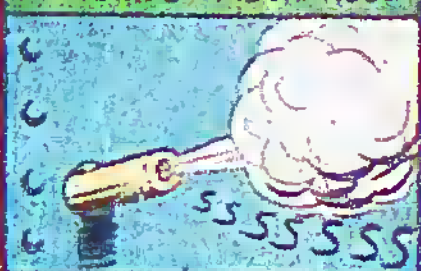


THEN AN ELECTRIC STETHOSCOPE IS PLACED AGAINST THE INNER WALL.

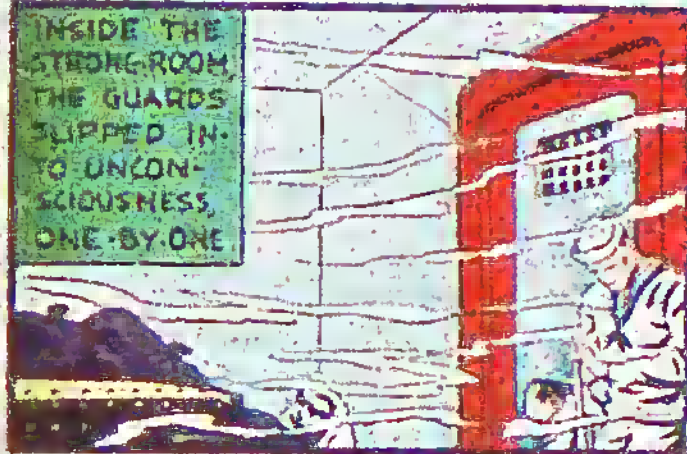


SOMEONE INSIDE, CAPT. LANG!

WHEREUPON A HALF-INCH HOLE IS MADE WITH A SILENT DRILL. THIS DONE, A HOSE IS PUSHED THROUGH AND CARBON MONOXIDE DISCHARGED.



INSIDE THE STRONG-ROOM THE GUARDS SLIPPED IN TO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, ONE BY ONE.



GAS MASKS, EVERYONE! REMOVE RIVETS FROM WALL-SECTION AND PREPARE TO ENTER!



QUICKLY! GET THE STRONG-BOX AND ALL VALUABLES!



NOT ALLOWED TO PARTICIPATE, JERRY REMAINS IN THE LEITCH BOAT WITH HY-LANG - THEN -



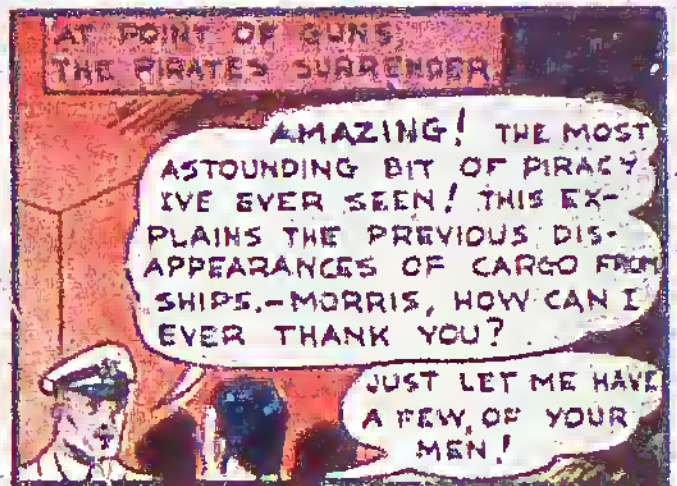
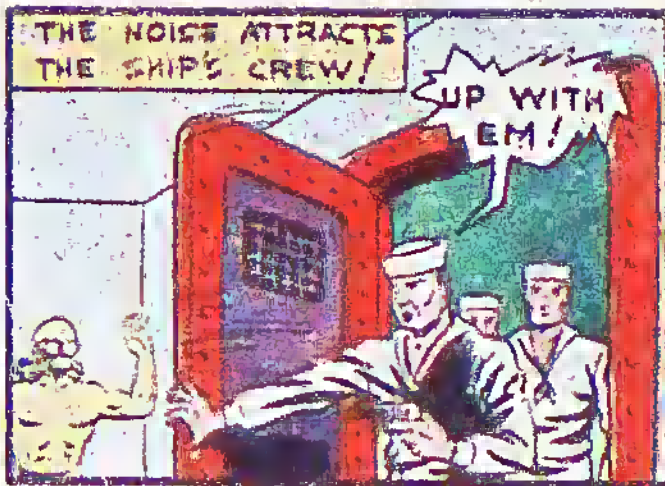
REACH! AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS! LINE UP AGAINST THAT FAR WALL!



BUT ONE ORIENTAL DROPS BEHIND A PILE OF GOLD-BAGS AND EMPTIES HIS REVOLVER AT JERRY, BUT THE BULLETS GLANCED OFF HIS RADIUM-PROTECTED BODY WITH A WHISTLING WHINE.



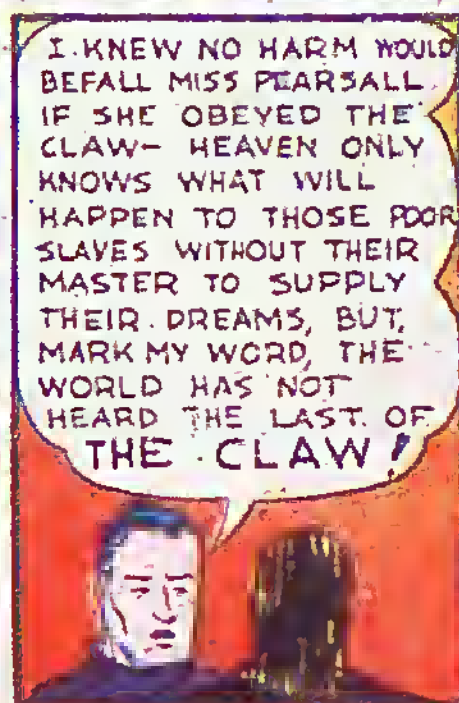
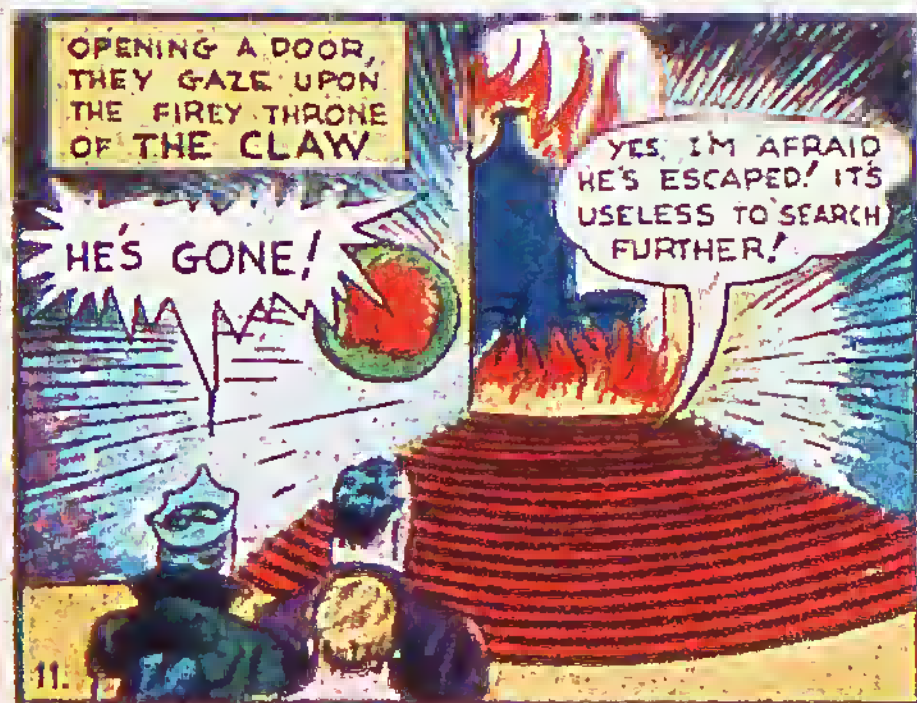
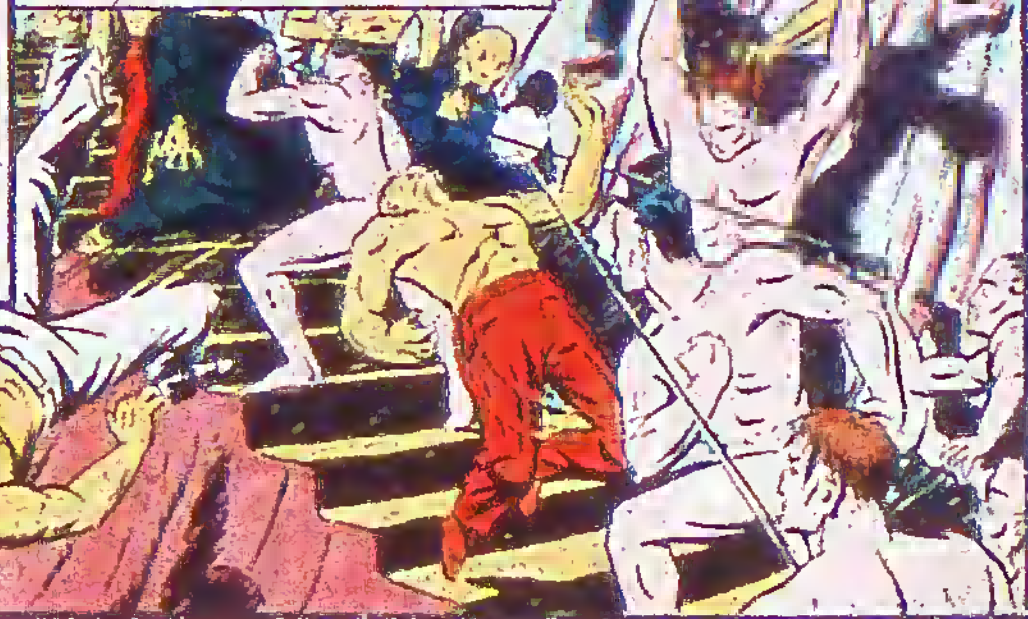








THEIR BODYS UNHARMED, BUT CLOTHES SEARED INTO NOTHINGNESS, THE MEN EMERGE, NAKED, AND SOON SUBDUED THE LAST REMAINING PIRATES





# FACTOGRAMS

By *Ray Till*

## THE ACID TEST!

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IS PROPORTIONAL TO THE AMOUNT OF SULPHURIC ACID USED!

PROVEN BY THE U.S. BUREAU OF STANDARDS' TESTS WITH THIS "KEY" CHEMICAL!  
(MORAL: 'ALKALIZE- OR CIVILIZE')

CASTOR OIL WAS USED AS A MOTOR OIL IN FIGHTING PLANES DURING THE WORLD WAR.

AND WAS USED AS A BEAUTIFYING OIL IN ANCIENT EGYPT- BUT HAS SINCE LOST ITS POPULARITY- (GUESS?)

## BLACK SNOWSTORM

THIS STRANGE PHENOMENON OCCURRED WHEN A SNOW-STORM MET UP WITH A DUST STORM!  
ST. PAUL, MINN. 1937.

HOT WATER WILL FREEZE MORE QUICKLY THAN COLD!  
(IT REMOVES THE IMPURITIES. PURE WATER WILL FREEZE FASTER.)

AN ELECTRIC FAN WILL NOT LOWER THE TEMPERATURE IN A ROOM!  
(THE HEAT FROM THE MOTOR MAY EVEN RAISE IT!)

## AND A BLACK RIVER

- IS THE LACKAWANNA, AS IT FLOWS THROUGH MINOOKA, PA., COAL TOWN.



THE EFFORTS OF  
THE POLICE  
ARE  
REDOUBLED.  
THE  
UNDERWORLD  
ALSO  
FEELS THE  
EFFECTS  
OF THE  
WILL-O-WISP'S  
EYDLOTS.



SUP CALLS  
THE WEALTHY  
YOUNG  
SPORTSMAN,  
WHO IN  
REALITY  
IS THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
MR MIDNITE,  
SCOURGE  
OF THE  
UNDERWORLD





BECAUSE OF NEAL'S FISTIC ABILITY - SLIP  
DECIDES TO FINISH HIM QUICKLY.



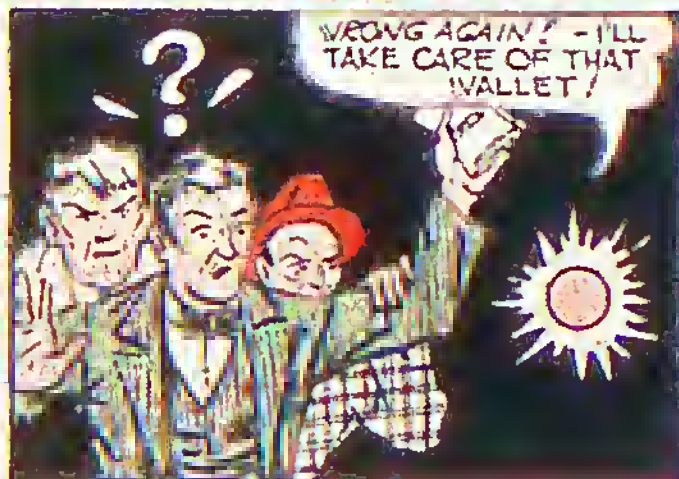
YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE -  
START REACHIN'!!



LET 'M GO GUNNER WE'VE  
GOT WHAT WE WANT!



WRONG AGAIN! - I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THAT  
WALLET!



HMM, A WELL FILLED  
WALLET I  
THANK YOU!



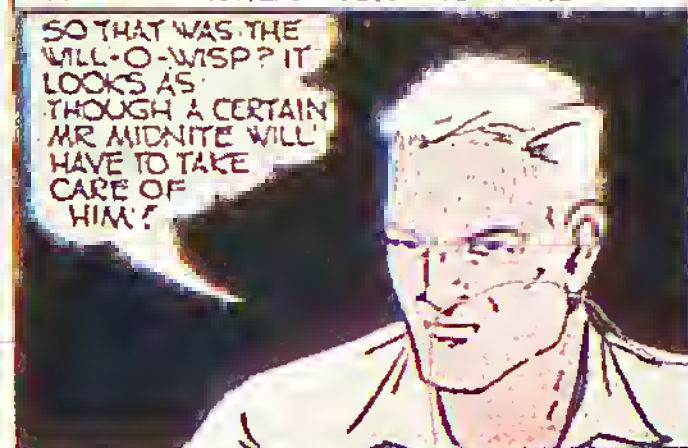
- AND THE FRIGHTENED THUGS FLEE.

THIS AIN'T NO PLACE  
FOR US. SCRAM!



YOUNG CARRUTHERS RETURNS HOME -

SO THAT WAS THE  
WILL-O-WISP? IT  
LOOKS AS  
THOUGH A CERTAIN  
MR MIDNITE WILL  
HAVE TO TAKE  
CARE OF  
HIM!





ASHAMED  
BECAUSE HE HAD  
FALLEN FOR  
A HOAX,  
CARRUTHERS  
STUDIES THE  
PAPERS FOR  
ANY  
INFORMATION  
ON THE  
CITY'S NEWEST  
TERRORIST.

8

THE WILLO-WISP APPARENTLY  
DOESN'T LEAVE THE  
POLICE ANYTHING  
TO WORK ON —  
MAYBE MY FRIEND  
CHIEF BIREY  
KNOWS OF  
SOMETHING?



HELLO? CHIEF BIREY?  
LOOK, CHIEF, I'D LIKE  
TO SEE YOU,  
A LITTLE  
WHILE. — YES,  
TONIGHT.



NEAL HURRIES  
ACROSS TOWN  
TO THE  
HOME OF THE  
POLICE CHIEF  
WHO, NEVER  
REALIZING THE  
TRUE IDENTITY  
OF CARRUTHERS,  
HAS OFTEN  
UNWITTINGLY  
INFORMED HIM  
OF POLICE  
ACTIVITIES.

HELLO NEAL? — WHAT'S ON  
YOUR MIND THIS FINE NIGHT?



IT'S ABOUT THE  
WILLO-WISP,  
CHIEF?

YOU TOO? THIS  
THING HAS ME JUST  
ABOUT



WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S A NOTE? —  
CHIEF IT LOOKS  
LIKE A WARNING?

F-F-FOR ME? — I'LL  
CALL A RIOT SQUAD?



TO NIGHT AT 12 I WILL  
VISIT YOU — IF YOU  
VALUE YOUR LIFE  
YOU WILL HAVE  
\$10,000 WAITING FOR  
ME. — FAIL AND  
YOU WILL DIE.  
Will-O-Wisp.

I THINK HE  
MEANS IT  
CHIEF?

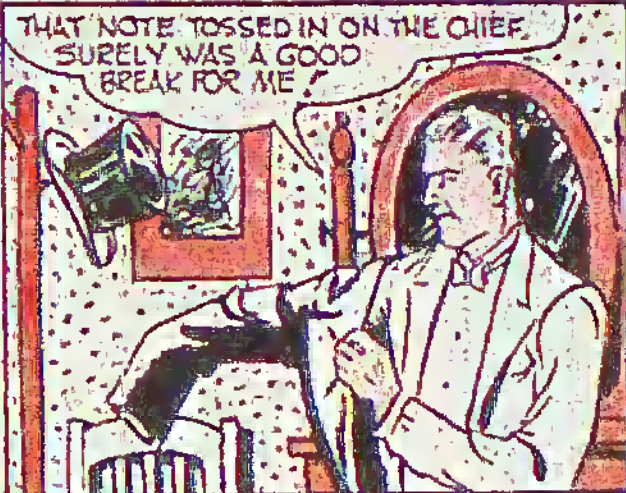
GREAT GUNS! FIRST —  
MR MIDNITE RUNS THE POLICE  
RAGGED — NOW IT'S THIS  
WILLO-WISP?



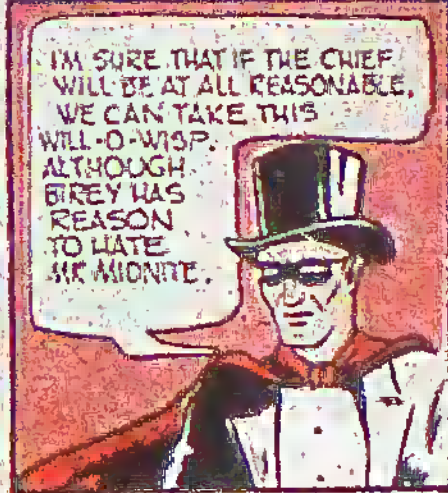


CARRUTHERS DRESSES FOR HIS ROLE OF "MR MIDNITE." CONVINCED THAT HE HAS FIGURED OUT THE METHODS OF THE WILL-O-WISP.

THAT NOTE TOSSED IN ON THE CHIEF, SURELY WAS A GOOD BREAK FOR ME!



I'M SURE THAT IF THE CHIEF WILL BE AT ALL REASONABLE, WE CAN TAKE THIS WILL-O-WISP. ALTHOUGH BIREY HAS REASON TO HATE MR MIDNITE.



WHILE THE CHIEF IS BUSY GIVING ORDERS MR MIDNITE ENTERS THE HOUSE UNSEEN.

MISTER MIDNITE!!

NOW - BEFORE YOU TALK ANY MORE, YOU LISTEN TO ME!



NEAL PERSUADES CHIEF BIREY TO FORGET HIS ENMITY TOWARD MR MIDNITE FOR THE MOMENT.

ALL YOU FELLOWS HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IS THIS - GET HIM - DEAD OR ALIVE I WANT THE WILL-O-WISP!



ALL RIGHT - ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY THIS TIME!

GOOD! - SHALL WE RE-LAY UNTIL OUR FRIEND GETS HERE?



IN TOWN



AS THE CLOCK STARTS TO PEAL OUT THE MIDNITE HOUR —

STOP TIME!!



AND THE CLOCK STOPS STRIKING ON THE SEVENTH STROKE OF TWELVE!



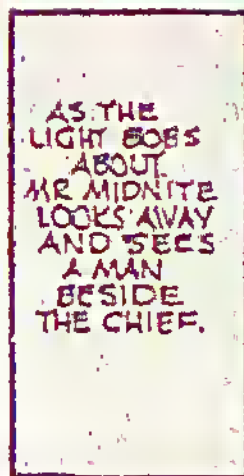


THIS IS LUCK. I'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED TO MEET YOU,  
MR. MIDNITE!

THE CHIEF  
IS  
SPEECHLESS,  
AND  
FASCINATED  
BY THE  
BRILLIANT  
LIGHT.



WELL CHIEF, WHERE'S THE  
MONEY? — I HAVE A LOT OF  
OTHER CALLS TO MAKE!



AS THE  
LIGHT BOBS  
ABOUT,  
MR. MIDNITE  
LOOKS AWAY  
AND SEES  
A MAN  
BESIDE  
THE CHIEF.



WELL, SNAP TO IT, I SAID.  
WHERE'S THE DOUGH?

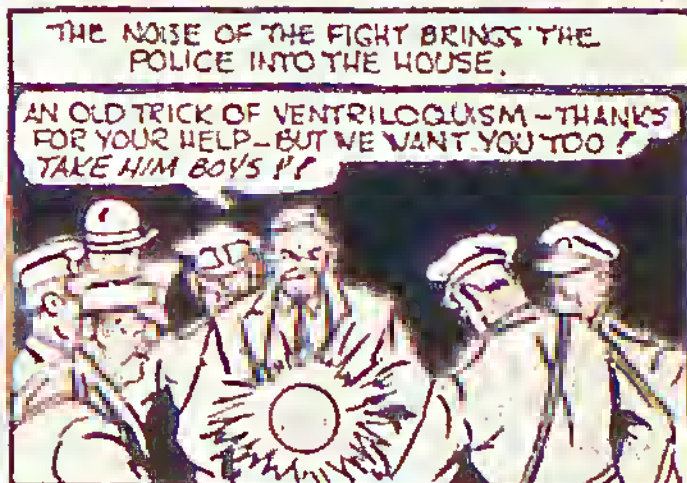
MR. MIDNITE  
SPRINGS INTO ACTION —



HERE'S YOUR MAN CHIEF!!



THIS LIGHT MADE YOU CENTER YOUR THOUGHTS  
ON IT, AND THAT LEFT THE THIEF'S PRESENCE  
UNKNOWN — HERE, TAKE IT!

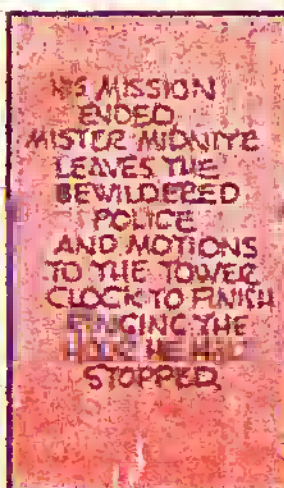


THE NOISE OF THE FIGHT BRINGS THE  
POLICE INTO THE HOUSE.

AN OLD TRICK OF VENTRILOQUISM — THANKS  
FOR YOUR HELP — BUT WE WANT YOU TOO!  
TAKE HIM BOYS!!



GREAT SCOTT! WHILE  
WE WERE LOOKING AT  
THE LIGHT MR. MIDNITE  
SLIPPED AWAY —  
LISTEN!



HIS MISSION  
ENDED.  
MISTER MIDNITE  
LEAVES THE  
BEWILDERED  
POLICE  
AND MOTIONS  
TO THE TOWER  
CLOCK TO FINISH  
FINANCING THE  
HOUSE HE HAD  
STOPPED.



The End



# SAVE-ON-BULLETS

By Ray Gill

**"A** SHERIFF gotta be a man who'll fight. A man that not only will fight back... but one that will start a few of his own!" The men in the Black Snake, Green Gulch's only gambling hangout, listened to what this big, overgrown kid had to say about his Boss of a few months. Ken Lester was his name. They laughed at his muttering, all but a few.

Three strangers down at the end of the long bar were taking it all in. The biggest of the three asked in a low voice, "Say, who is that kid? Maybe we can use him!" The others shrugged their shoulders but agreed that they all would meet in the very near future.

**S**HERIFF John Carteris was a dignified, well bred old man. I say "old" because he was old, although he didn't look it, or act it. He was careful, slow, about things, especially guns, and it was this that the young deputy, Kenneth Lester, held against him.

"A man should think before he acts!", the old sheriff had asserted more than once. But to this the "Kid" would impulsively retort, "He does too much thinkin' and not enough actin' to suit me!"

The weekly coach on the regular run from Dry Creek to Valley Town, was stopped in front of the Black Snake, waiting to take on the few passengers who had stopped off for some relaxation before the final seventy-mile run. Sheriff Carteris was standing on the far side of the stage talking to the driver, getting the news from along the line, the only means in this new country.

The Sheriff of Green Gulch Knew When to  
Shoot Without Wasting Time or Lead!



Deputy Lester, sprawled across a chair on the porch of the Black Snake, sat resigned to his duty. As usual, he had been ordered to "preserve law and order, make a detailed report of any unusual occurrences, and use a gun only in self defense." And to feed the prisoner at six sharp.

"Preserve law and order," Ken thought to himself. "In this burg, is like being nursemaid to a sickly calf. The only chance for a little action is to ride with the payroll on the stage every week . . . and Carteris takes that! I wouldn't mind if he made good use of the situation, but even if a couple of hombres did stick up the wagon he'd most likely let them get away with it, and rely on their conscience to make them return the gold. I'd like to get a crack at a little fun now and then. I'll go nuts just hanging around writin' notes."

Ken threw the stick he had been whittling over the rail to the ground and watched the dust it created raise and dissipate itself. With pent-up emotion he let fly his hunting knife and after turning over three times, it stuck in the crude floor of the Black Snake's porch flooring. Before it had stopped quivering a hand had stooped and pulled it out with a yank. Ken's gaze wandered up the arm and recognized the face of one of the three strangers in the saloon of the morning. The man spoke.

"Fed' up, eh kid? Well, I can't blame you. Listen, you don't know me, but maybe I can tell you something that will interest you."

Ken eyed the tall, thin man in front of him. He was small-eyed and dark but his broad smile showed a wealth of white teeth that belied the otherwise sinister look of the fellow.

"Tell on, my friend; I really need to be interested, in something!" Ken glued his gaze on the man as he spoke.

"Tell your sheriff to stay home this trip. I've heard there'll be plenty of action about fifteen miles out." And with that, the man disappeared into the inside of the Black Snake. Ken was about to follow him when he heard the driver call for the last passenger.

"No time to lose, if I want to be out there when it breaks loose." And then to the sheriff, as he started to mount to the high seat beside the driver. "Say, I . . . I just heard that there may be a little trouble in . . . in town while you're gone. Let me take the stage through to Valley Town, they'll need you here!"

The grey-haired sheriff climbed down off the stage and without a word handed the rifle he carried to the younger man.

"Git!" The hoarse voice of the driver threw life into the waiting team and as they rumbled off Ken saw the tall dark man with the smile mount his black cayuse and gallop off towards

the hills. Ken settled back in the seat and fondled the Winchester in fond expectation.

"I hope he's right!"

THE day was clear, and the way the horses chewed up the road sent a delicious chill of adventure up Deputy "Kid" Lester's spine.

"How far out are we?" the Kid asked the driver after a time.

"Oh, 'bout ten miles, I reckon. You just better set back and rest, we got a long ways to go yet."

"I . . ." The Kid's speech was cut off by the sharp crack of a rifle and the crying whine of the bullet as it missed its mark and went ricocheting off into the hills.

"Whoa there . . ." The driver pulled hard on the reins but the frightened animals refused to stop and thundered along the thin, rock-lined, mud road. Three masked figures astride fast mounts darted out of the rocks and followed, shooting continuously.

"Uhhhhh!" And with that groan, the driver fell forward, and off the seat onto the wiffel tree of the harness and dangled lifelessly as the coach careened dangerously. A bullet had found its mark!

The sight of a lone rider rapidly closing in on the three masked highwaymen brought a smile of relief to the worried countenance of the action-loving "Kid". But, the smile quickly faded, for on a second glance the rider proved to be the old woman sheriff, Carteris!

"Now I'll have to look after him too!" Ken Lester was holding the reins between his knees and trying to load with the added job of keeping down out of sight. Gun loaded, and rifle cocked, the Kid took careful aim . . . Along the sights of his gun Deputy Lester saw a sight that nearly knocked him off the speeding stage coach . . . The grey-haired old sheriff had fired his first shot into the air. The three desperadoes instantly wheeled about and faced the intruder. Ken heard three gun shots . . . in rapid succession, and to his utmost amazement . . . saw the three masked men topple off their horses, one after the other, and fall motionless to the ground!

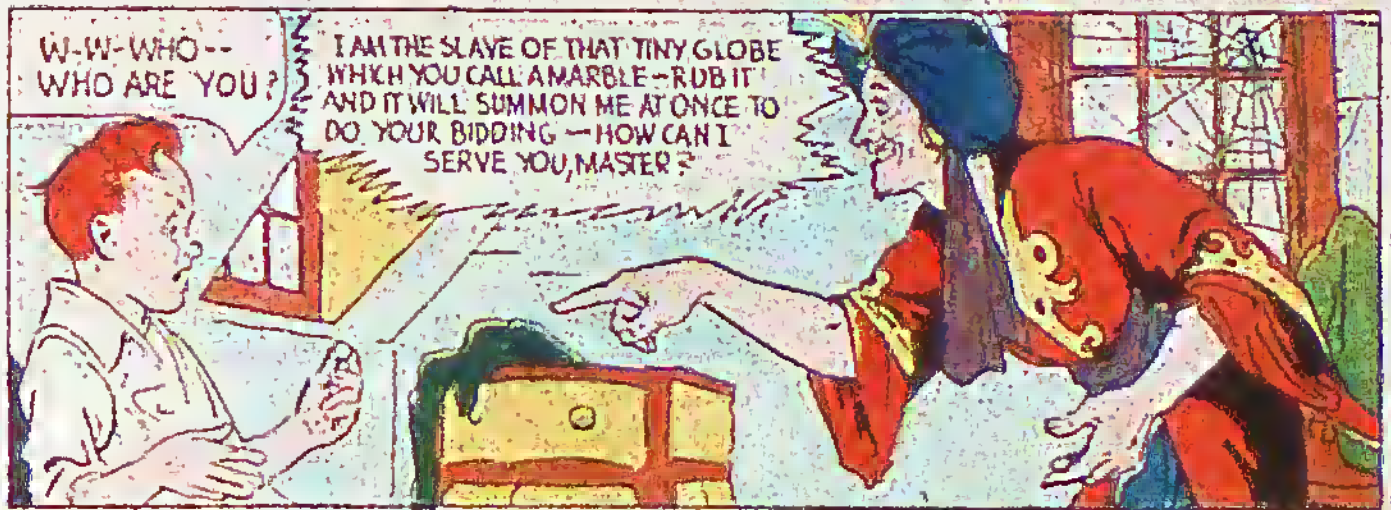
A FEW days later, in the office of the sheriff, Deputy Kenneth Lester listened, with open-mouthed awe, while the bandaged coach driver told story after story of the gun battles and pistol contests won by the grey-topped Sheriff John Carteris in his younger days.

"That's true," the quiet law officer agreed. "But I've found that you gain more in the long run if you can think your way out of a fight. The results last just as long . . . and besides, you save an awful lot on bullets that way!"









W-W-WHO--  
WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE SLAVE OF THAT TINY GLOBE  
WHICH YOU CALL A MARBLE-- RUB IT  
AND IT WILL SUMMON ME AT ONCE TO  
DO YOUR BIDDING-- HOW CAN I  
SERVE YOU, MASTER?



AND HERE IS A  
WAND OF POWER--  
WAVE IT-- AND  
ANY WISH IS  
GRANTED



TRY IT OUT!  
IS THERE  
SOMETHING  
YOU WOULD  
LIKE-- AT THIS  
MOMENT?

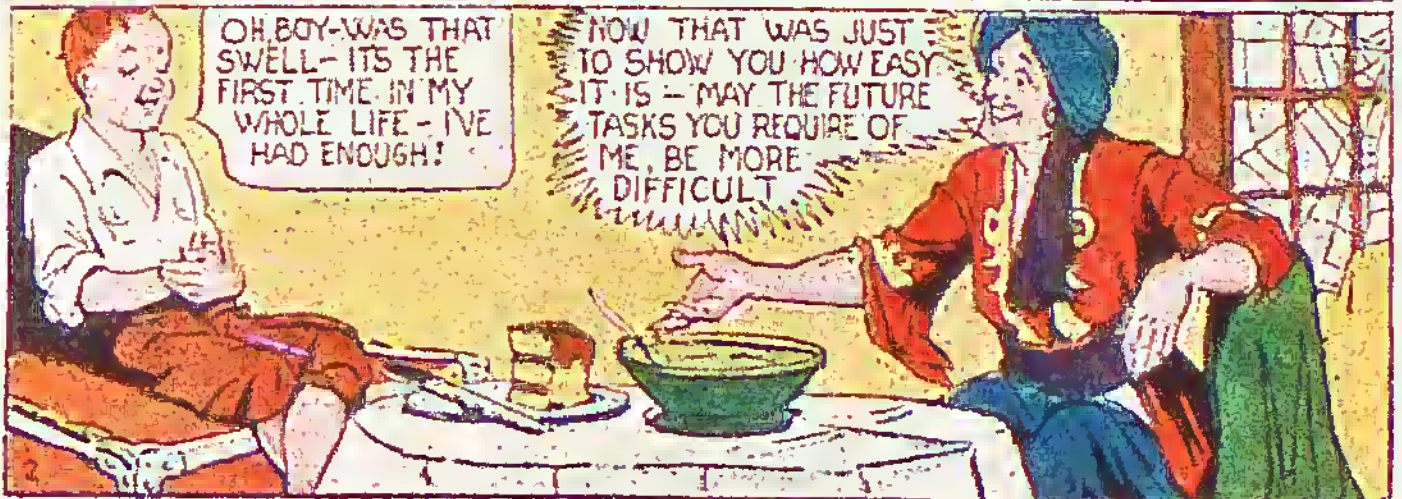
LET ME SEE  
WHAT DO  
I WANT?



I'LL BET YOU  
CAN'T GET ME  
ALL THE ICE-  
CREAM AND  
CAKE I CAN  
EAT!



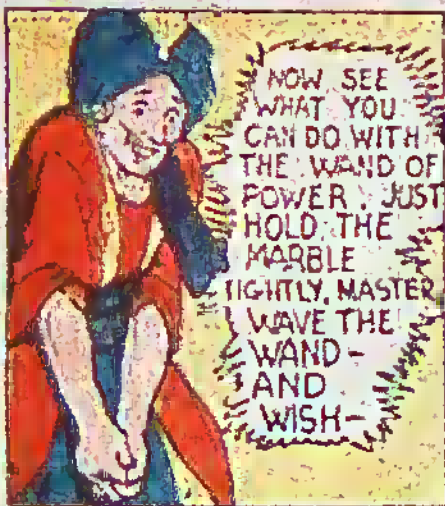
HERE YOU ARE--  
AND THIS WON'T  
MAKE YOU SICK--  
IT'S GOOD FOOD



OH BOY-- WAS THAT  
SWELL-- IT'S THE  
FIRST TIME IN MY  
WHOLE LIFE-- I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH!

NOW THAT WAS JUST  
TO SHOW YOU HOW EASY  
IT IS-- MAY THE FUTURE  
TASKS YOU REQUIRE OF  
ME, BE MORE  
DIFFICULT





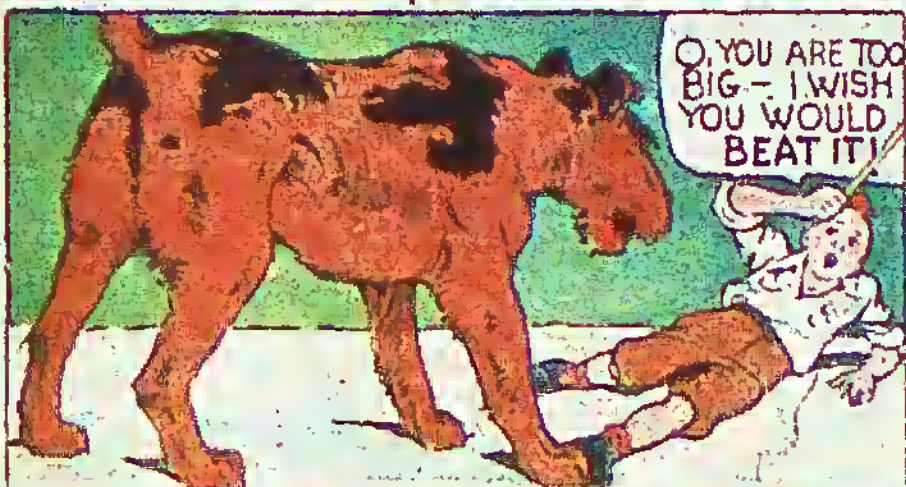
NOW SEE  
WHAT YOU  
CAN DO WITH  
THE WAND OF  
POWER. JUST  
HOLD THE  
MARBLE  
TIGHTLY, MASTER  
WAVE THE  
WAND -  
AND WISH -



I KNOW  
WHAT I WANT  
MORE THAN  
ANYTHING -  
I WISH  
FOR A  
DOG



GEE HE'S A  
CUTE LITTLE  
FELLER - BUT  
I WANT A  
BIG DOG



O, YOU ARE TOO  
BIG - I WISH  
YOU WOULD  
BEAT IT!



THERE'S A  
LESSON FOR  
YOU - THINK  
WELL BEFORE  
WISHING



I TELL YOU WHAT!  
I'D LIKE TO GO  
OUT TO GRAND-DAD'S  
FARM!

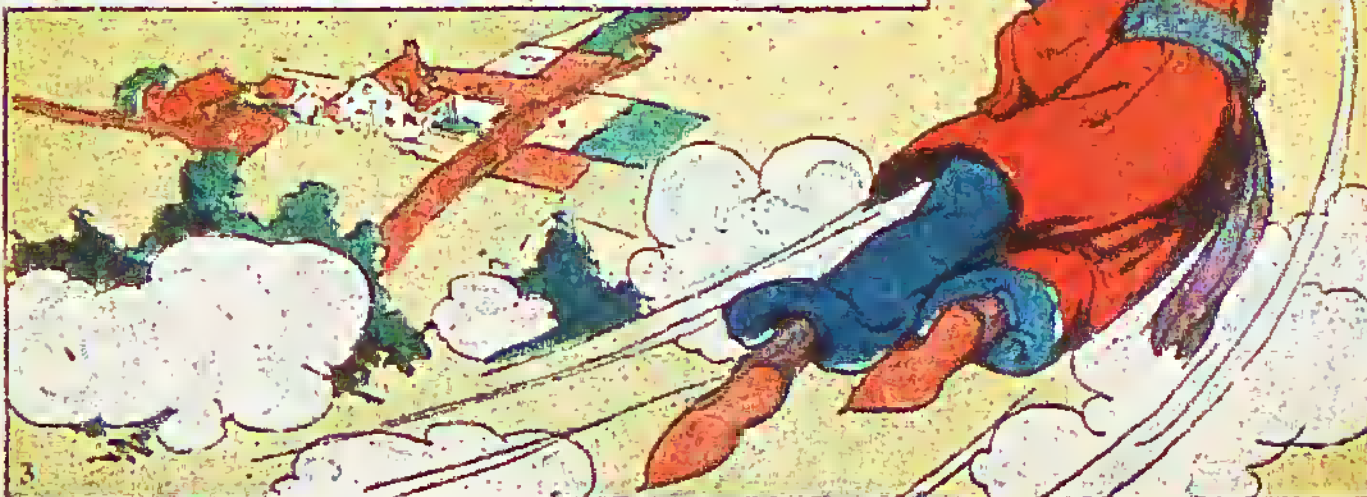


LET'S GO -  
IT'S 100  
MILES  
AWAY.

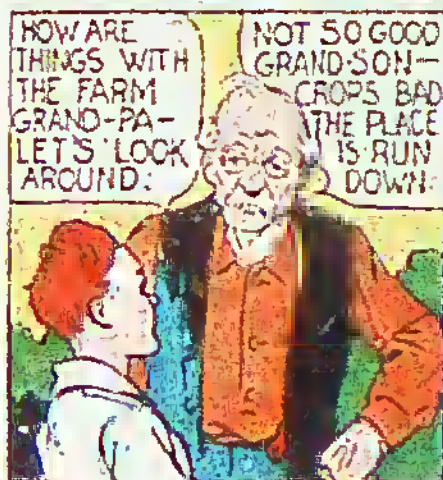
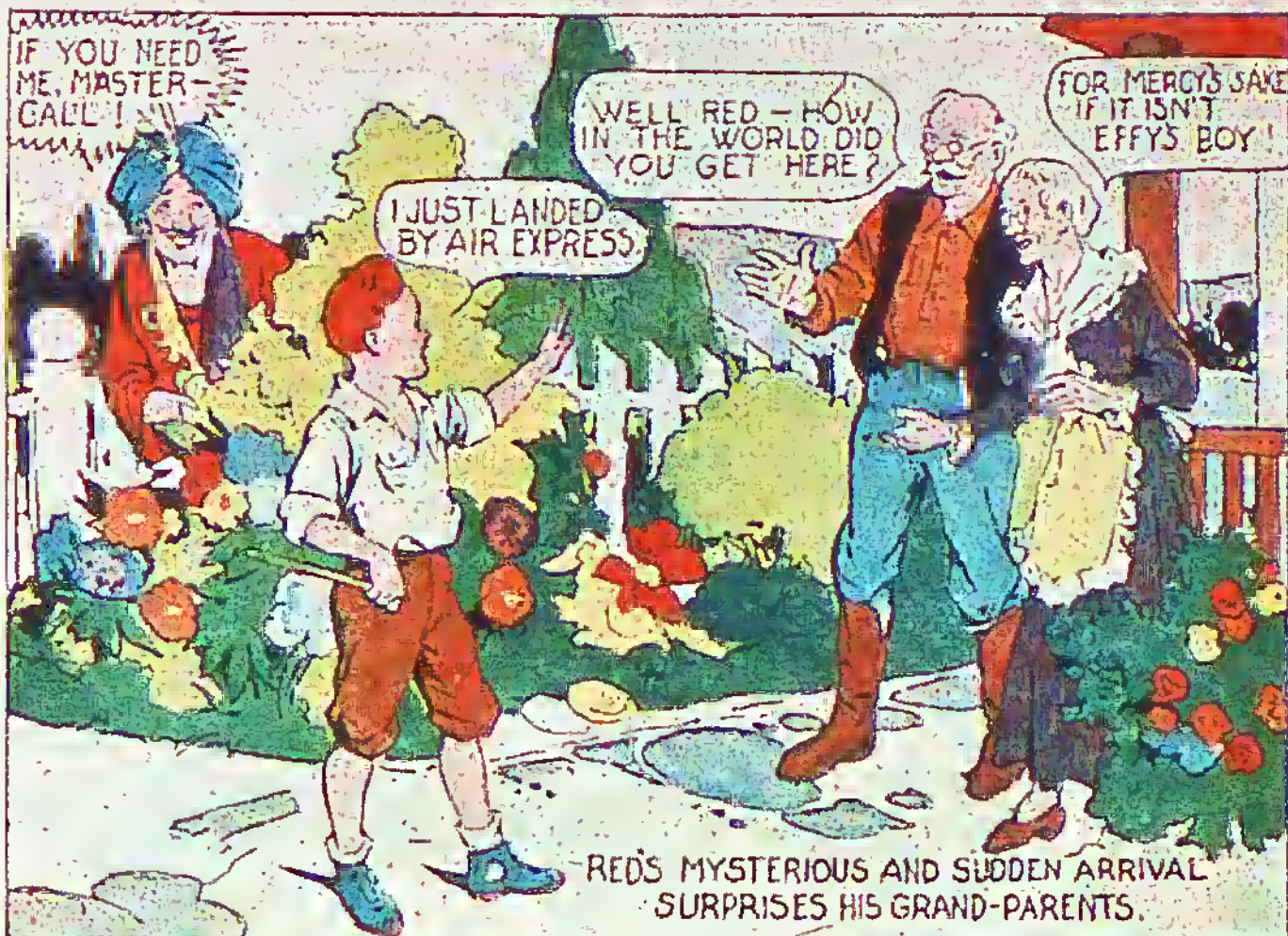
MASTER,  
WE SHALL  
BE THERE  
AT ONCE!



THERE'S THE  
FARM - SEE?  
RIGHT DOWN  
THERE -



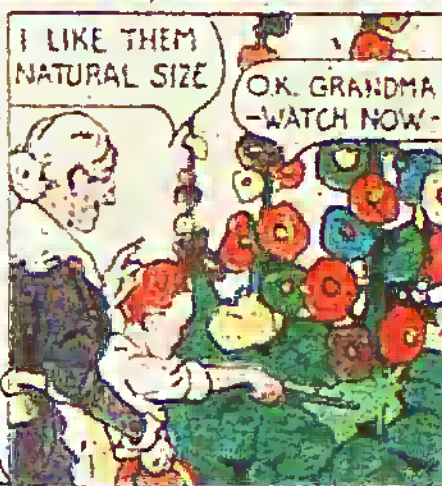
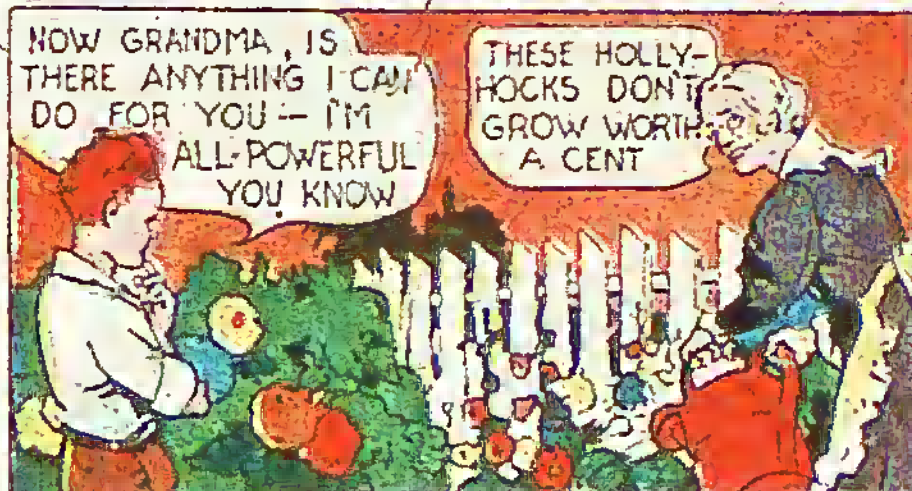
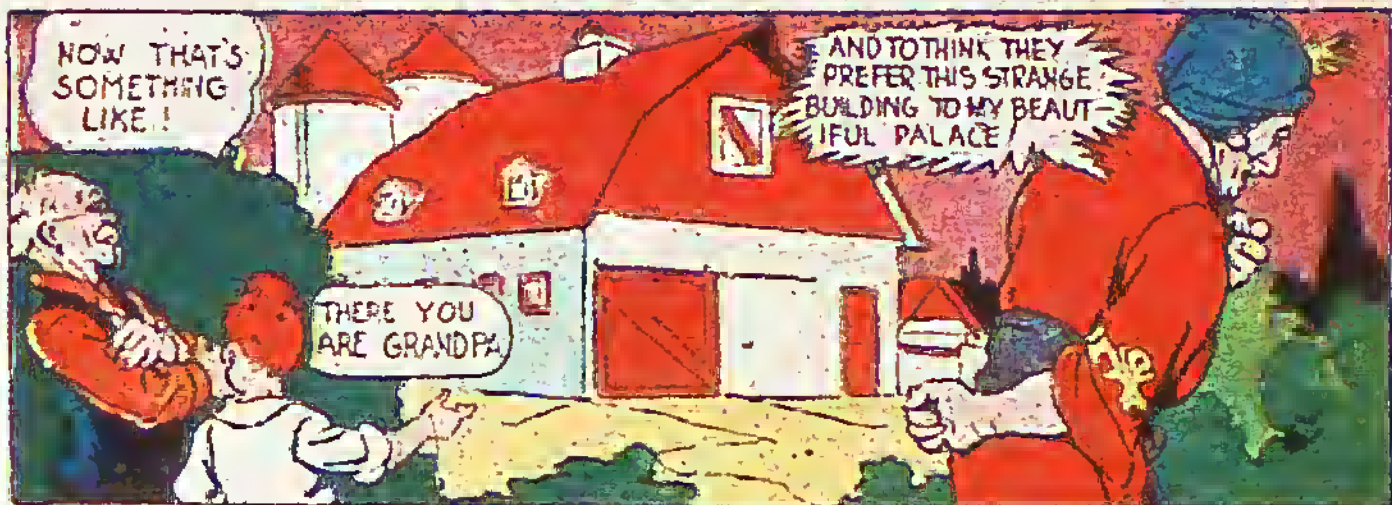
















IN THE MEANTIME HOME



RED HAS BEEN  
PRETTY QUIET  
UP THERE IN  
THE ATTIC.



IT'S NEARLY DINNER-  
TIME - I MUST  
CALL HIM



OH, RED! - COME  
DOWN AND WASH  
FOR DINNER-DO  
HURRY!



HE DOESN'T ANSWER-  
I WONDER IF ANYTHING'S  
WRONG!

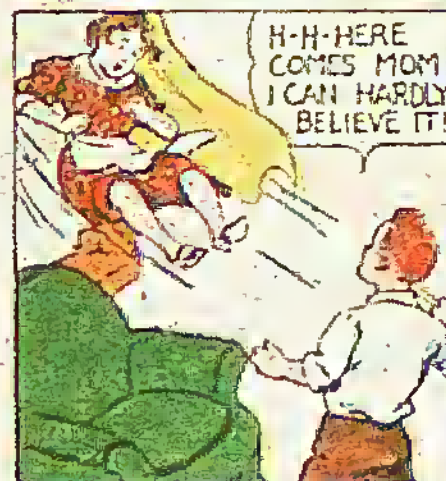


GOOD GRACIOUS!

I WISH MOM  
WERE HERE



IT MUST BE  
A CYCLONE!



H-H-HERE  
COMES MOM!  
I CAN HARDLY  
BELIEVE IT!



DON'T BE AFRAID  
MOM-I BROUGHT  
YOU HERE BY  
MAGIC



BUT YOUR FATHER  
WILL BE WORRIED  
SICK!

FORGET IT  
MOM-I'LL  
HAVE THE  
GENI TAKE  
US HOME  
AT ONCE



OH MY! THIS IS WORSE  
THAN AN AEROPLANE

HANG ON-  
YOU'RE SAFE!

PRAISE BE TO  
GALLAH - THE DAY  
IS NEARLY OVER

ANOTHER BOY MAGICIAN ADVENTURE SOON

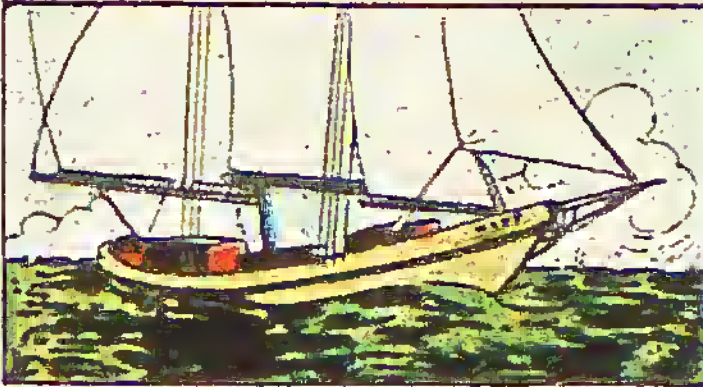


# CAPTAIN FEARLESS

By  
MALCOLM  
KILDALE...

WITH WANDERLUST  
IN HIS POWERFUL BLOOD,  
CAPTAIN FEARLESS RANGES  
THE WIDE WORLD IN  
SEARCH OF EXCITING  
ADVENTURE... WHERE  
EVER THERE IS FIGHT,  
TROUBLE, INTRIGUE,  
THERE YOU'LL FIND  
CAPTAIN FEARLESS  
GOING INTO ACTION!

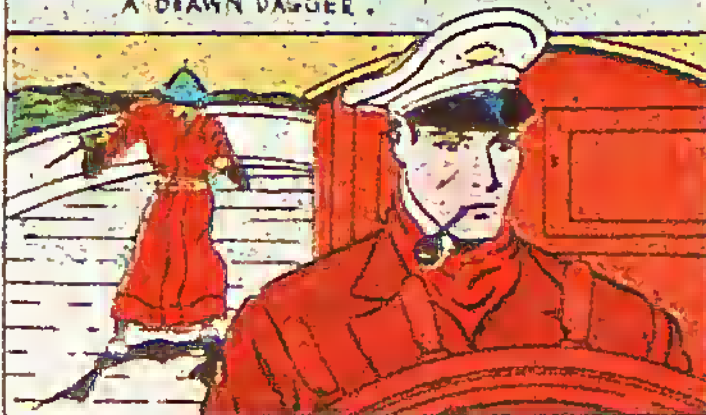
THE BLOCKADE-RUNNING SLOOP 'THE WASP'— TWO  
DAYS OUT OF CALCUTTA, INDIA, WITH MUNITIONS  
FOR THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.



IN COMMAND IS CAPTAIN FEARLESS, YOUNG,  
HANDSOME, SWASHBUCKLING FORMER  
ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK.—



QUETLY A STEALTHY FIGURE EDGES  
UP BEHIND CAPTAIN FEARLESS WITH  
A DRAWN DAGGER.



SO YOU  
WANT TO PLAY,  
EH PAL!





A SOLID SMACK AND  
DOWN WENT CAPTAIN  
FEARLESS' ASSAILANT.



CAPTAIN FEARLESS TURNS  
TOWARD THE HELM WHEN —



SO WE HAVE A LITTLE  
MUTINY TOD EH / O.K. YOU  
RATS, LETS GET INTO  
ACTION!



ABSOLUTELY FEARLESS, THE CAPTAIN  
TAKES ON THE MUTINY CREW AS THEY  
RUSH HIM IN AN ATTEMPT TO TAKE OVER  
THE SHIP.



THOUGH THE ODDS WERE  
GREAT, CAPTAIN FEARLESS  
SEEMED TO BE HOLDING HIS OWN.



SUDDENLY A BELAYING PIN  
GLANCED OFF HIS HEAD FROM  
BEHIND AND HE FELL UNCONSCIOUS.



TAKE THAT WHITE DOG BELOW.  
HE SHALL PAY FOR THE TROUBLE  
HE'S CAUSED. "TING LING"!





LATER IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN,  
TING-LING SPEAKS —



GREETINGS, CAPTAIN FEARLESS.  
YOU ARE A VERY TOUGH PERSON,  
BUT TING-LING TAKE THAT OUT  
OF YOU EH! HEH! HEH!



WHY YOU HOPHEADED LITTLE PIG!  
IF I HAD TWO MINUTES ALONE  
WITH YOU I'D MAKE A DISH OF  
CHOW MEIN OUT OF YOUR HIDE!!



DOG! NO ONE TALKS TO TING-LING  
LIKE THAT! I SHOULD KILL YOU, BUT  
YOU CAN BE USEFUL TO ME.  
GUARDS, UNHAND HIM!



SOMETHING VERY SIMPLE. THE GUNS  
AND AMUNITION ABOARD. WITH  
THEM I WILL FORCE THE PEOPLE  
OF THE TIEN SIN PROVINCE TO  
YIELD... TO JAPAN.



THEN TING-LING'S DREAM OF BE-  
ING APRINCE OF PROVINCE  
BECOMES TRUE!



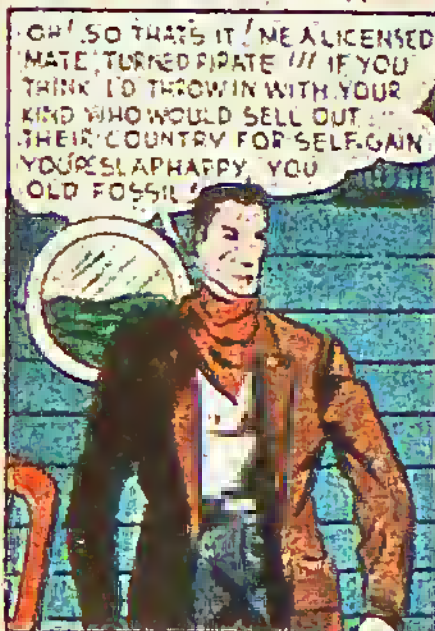
IT'S USELESS TO DISAGREE...  
THE CREW IS IN MY PAY, AND I  
COMMAND!



SO YOU'RE THE NEW SYMPER?  
WHAT ABOUT MY SHARE OF  
PLUNDER SLANT EYES?









CAPTAIN FEARLESS WHOLELY PLAYS  
POSSUM AND SINKS OUT OF  
SIGHT

ME GOT HIM  
MASTER

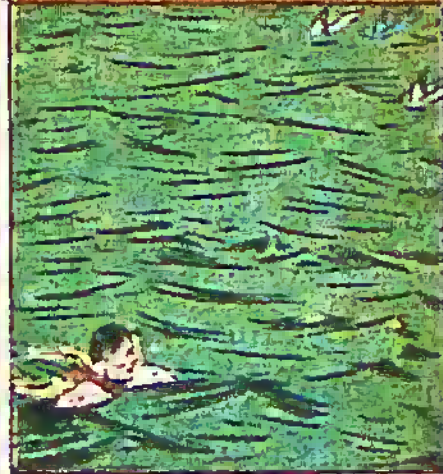
BAH! STUPID FOOLS  
I WANTED TO MAKE  
THAT AMERICAN  
DOG CRINGE



CAPTAIN FEARLESS BOBS TO THE  
SURFACE AFTER TAKING OFF  
HIS COAT, AND STRIKES OUT  
FOR SHORE THROUGH  
TREACHEROUS WATERS AS THE  
WASP ENTERS THE MOUTH OF A  
HIDDEN CLOVE

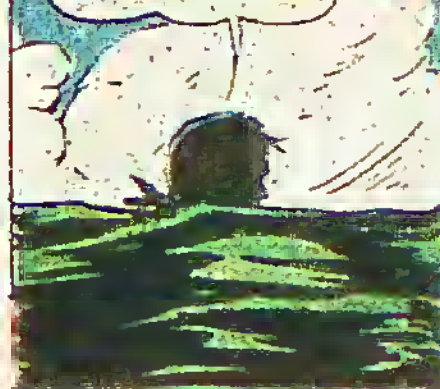


AS CAPTAIN FEARLESS SWIMS  
TOWARD SHORE THERE  
SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE  
HIM THREE FINS CUTTING  
THE WATER AND HEADING AT  
HIM — THE DREADED SHARK

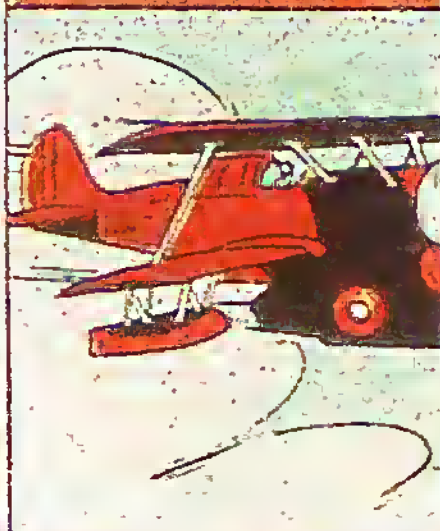


WITH NO WEAPON TO  
PROTECT HIMSELF CAPTAIN  
FEARLESS MUTTERS —

WELL I GUESS IT'S  
CURTAINS AND NOT EVEN  
A FIGHTING CHANCE!



AT THAT MOMENT HIGH OVERHEAD  
APPEARS A SEAPLANE WITH A  
"FAMILIAR MARY"



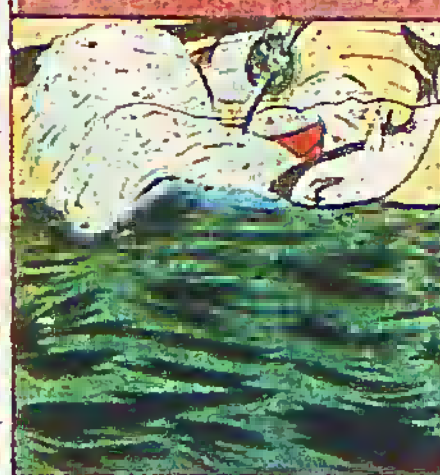
BOY THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME  
GUY DOWN THERE PLAYING  
TAG WITH A COUPLE O' SHARKS  
I GUESS HE'D APPRECIATE A  
LITTLE HELP FROM THE  
MARINES



SO, IN SAYING, LIEUT. DUGAN OF  
THE U.S. MARINES ON DUTY IN  
CHINESE WATERS, SENDS HIS  
PLANE DIVING TOWARD THE WATER



UPON HITTING THE WATER NEAR  
CAPTAIN FEARLESS, A PONTON OF  
DUGAN'S HITS A SHARK THROWING  
IT CLEAR OUT OF THE WATER AS THE  
OTHERS SWIM FOR SAFER PLACES



HI-YA-PAL! NICE PLAYMATES  
YOU HAVE! WERE THEY  
TEACHING YOU HOW  
TO SWIM?



THANKS F' YOUR  
HELP FEEL THAT  
WAS TOO CLOSE  
FOR COMFORT



LATER DUGAN LANDS HIS SHIP ON  
A U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER FLOWING  
SWIFTLY THROUGH CHINA WATERS



AFTER CAPTAIN FEARLESS TELLS  
HIS STORY DUGAN ANNOUNCES:

WELL TODAY IS MY LAST DAY IN THE  
SERVICE. I WAS THINKING OF SEE-  
ING CHINA AND YOU'RE JUST THE  
GUY TO LIKE TO SEE IT WITH, IF YOU  
DONT MIND?



SAYING, HE'D BE GLAD TO HAVE  
DUGAN WITH HIM, CAPTAIN FEAR-  
LESS AND DUGAN ARE SENT ASHORE  
ON A NAVY GIG.



AFTER OBTAINING HIS DISCHARGE  
DUGAN AND CAPTAIN FEARLESS WALK  
THROUGH THE STREETS OF SHANG-  
HAI LOOKING FOR A SMALL HOTEL



WELL I'M ON  
MY OWN AND  
GAVE ACTION!

BOY, YOUR DUE  
FOR PLENTY OF  
IT WHEN WE MEET  
TING LING!



COME ON LET'S STOP  
IN THIS PLACE  
AND GET SOME  
REST. TOMORROW  
WE START FOR  
TING LING'S  
STRONG-  
HOLD!



NEXT DAY AT DAWN WE FIND OUR  
INTREPID PAIR WENDING THEIR  
WAY THROUGH THE DESERTED  
STREETS OF SHANGHAI

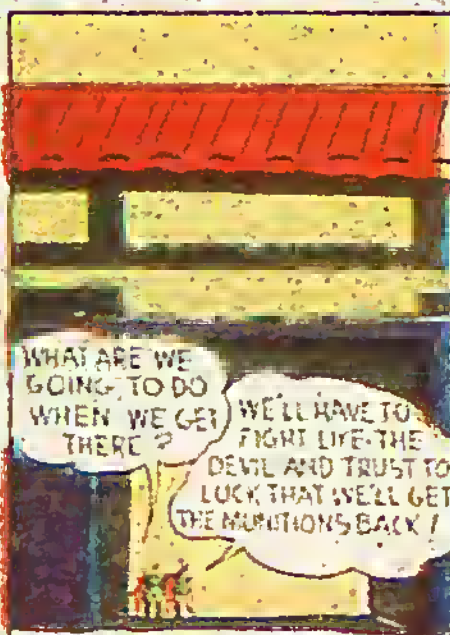


WE'LL TAKE A BOAT UP THE RIVER  
AND MAKE FOR SOO KHOW. FROM  
THERE WE CAN TRAVEL OVER LAND  
TO TAO PHING-Y



WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO  
WHEN WE GET  
THERE?

WE'LL HAVE TO  
FIGHT LIKE THE  
DEVIL AND TRUST TO  
LUCK THAT WE'LL GET  
THE MUNITIONS BACK!





AS THEY NEAR THE DOCK —

LISTEN CAPTAIN  
FEARLESS WE'RE  
BEING FOLLOWED!



DUGAN TURNS AND —

YEOW!

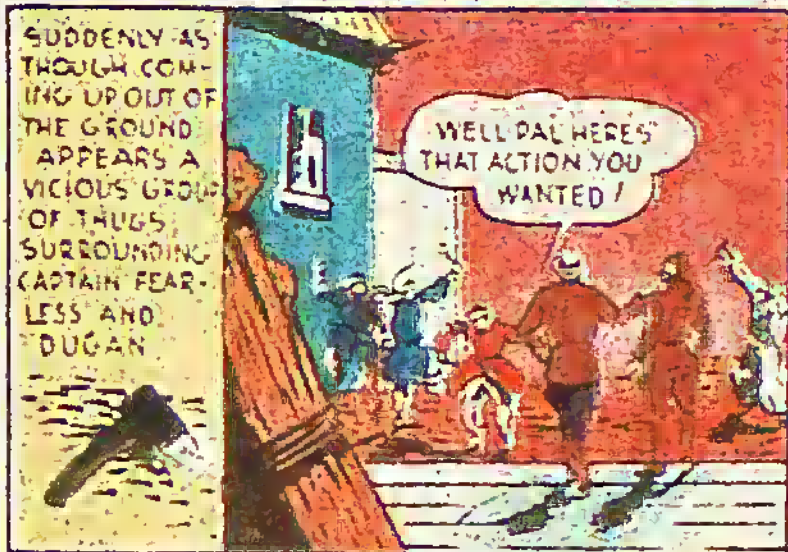


WHY YOU DIRTY SLANT EYED  
BABOON I'LL KILL — —



SUDDENLY AS  
THOUGH COM-  
ING UP OUT OF  
THE GROUND  
APPEARS A  
VICIOUS GROUP  
OF THUGS  
SURROUNDING  
CAPTAIN FEAR-  
LESS AND  
DUGAN

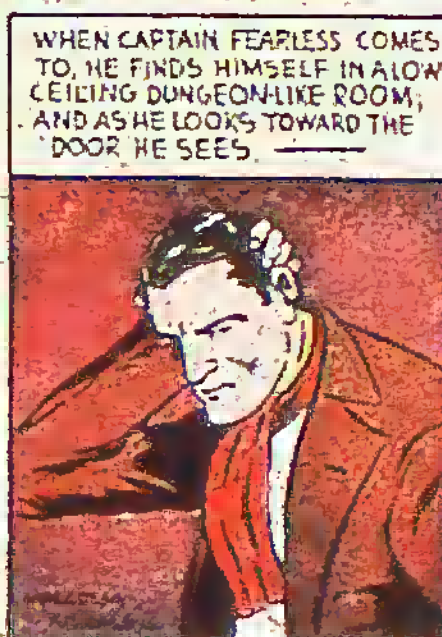
WELL PAL HERES  
THAT ACTION YOU  
WANTED!



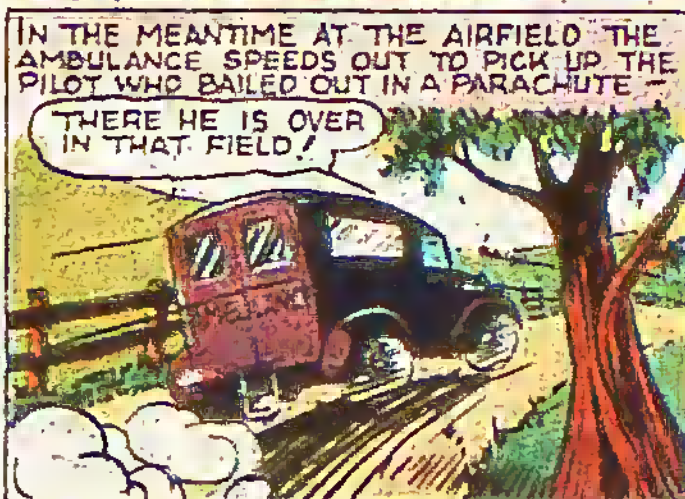
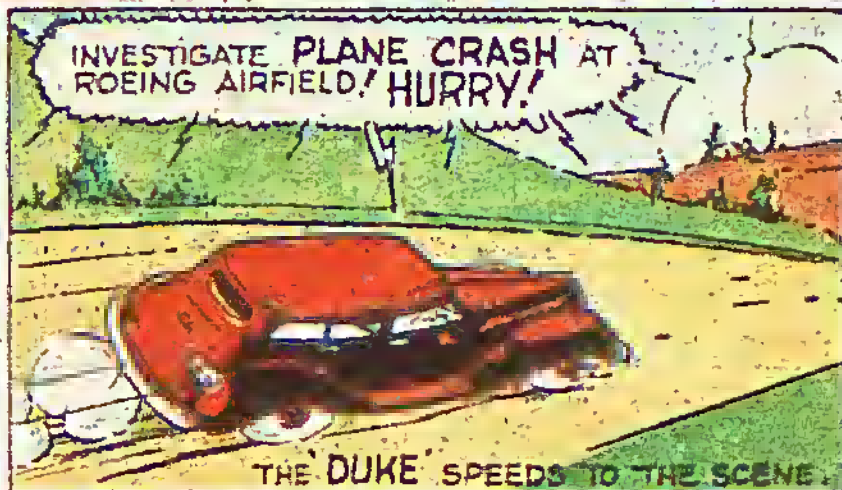
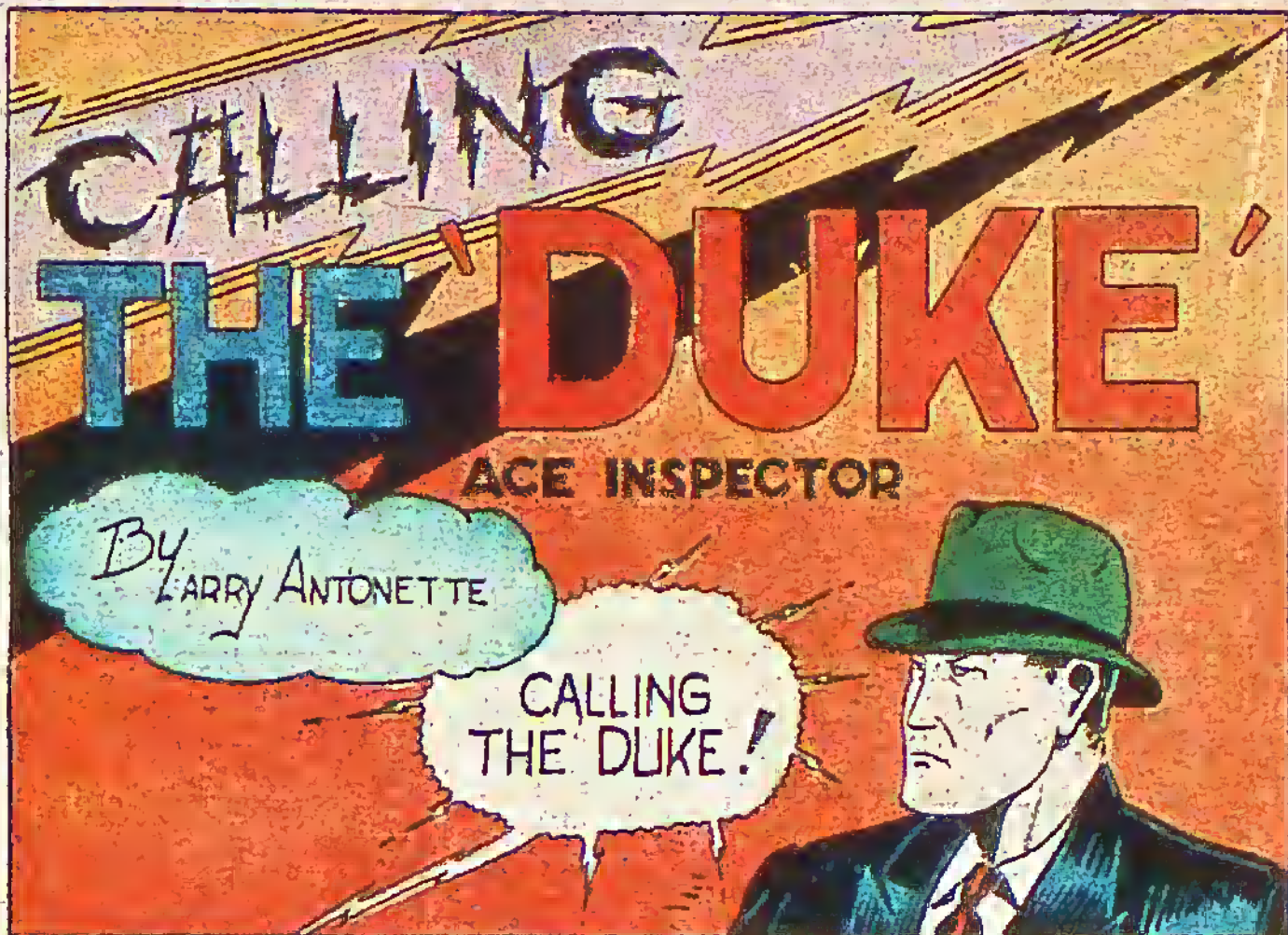
HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED CAPTAIN  
FEARLESS AND DUGAN WADE INTO  
THE GANG — FISTS, HATCHETS, BOXES  
AND EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T NAIL-  
ED DOWN IS SOON FLYING —  
THICK AND FAST



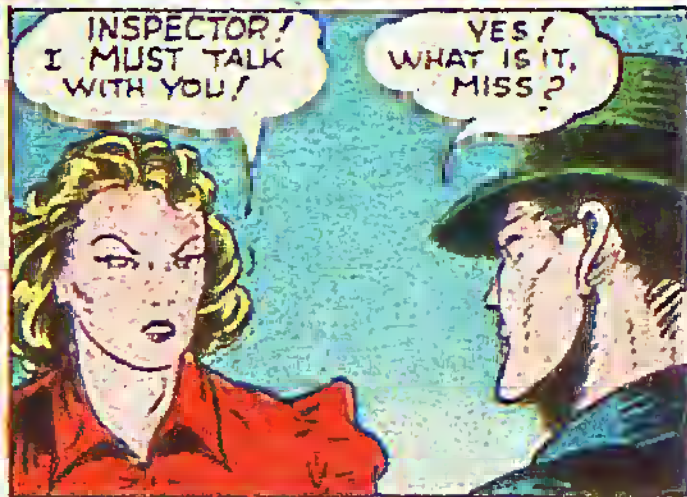
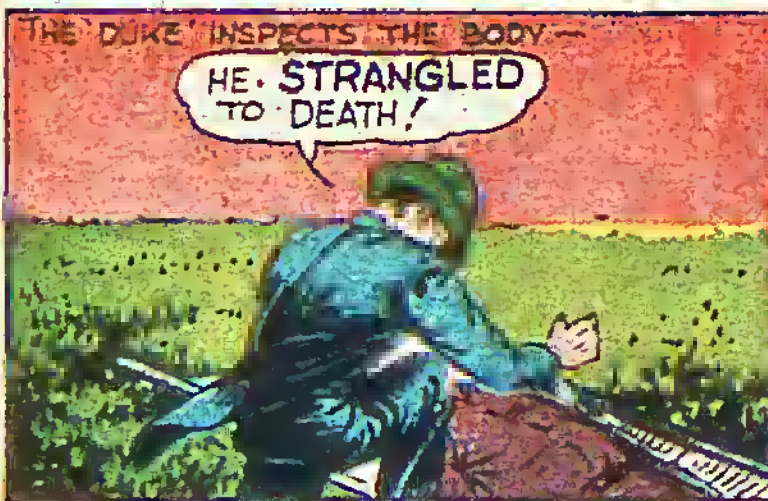
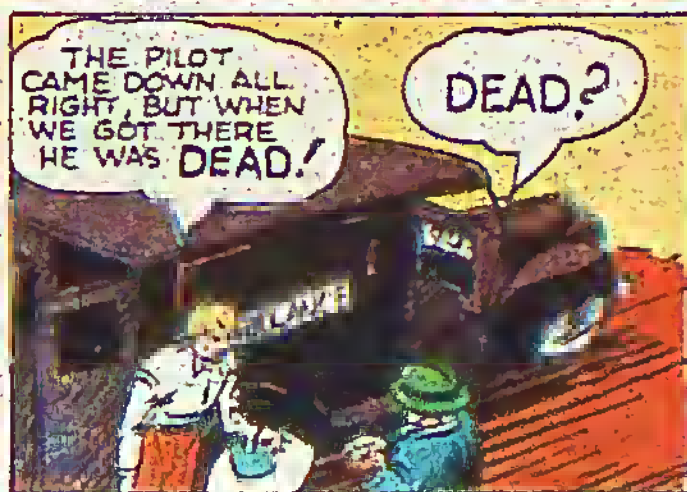
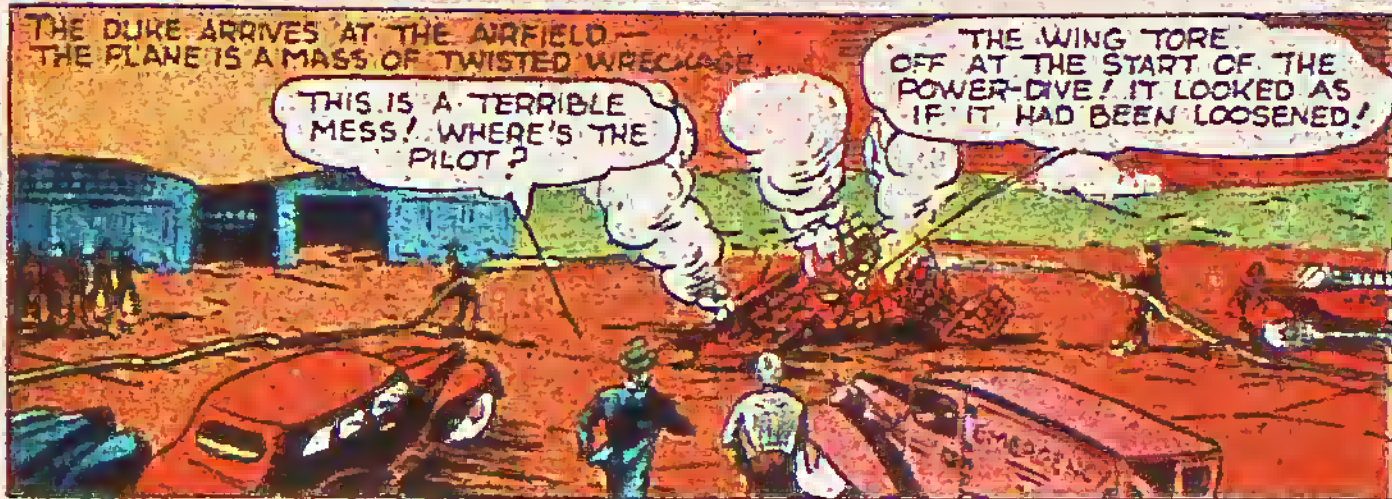




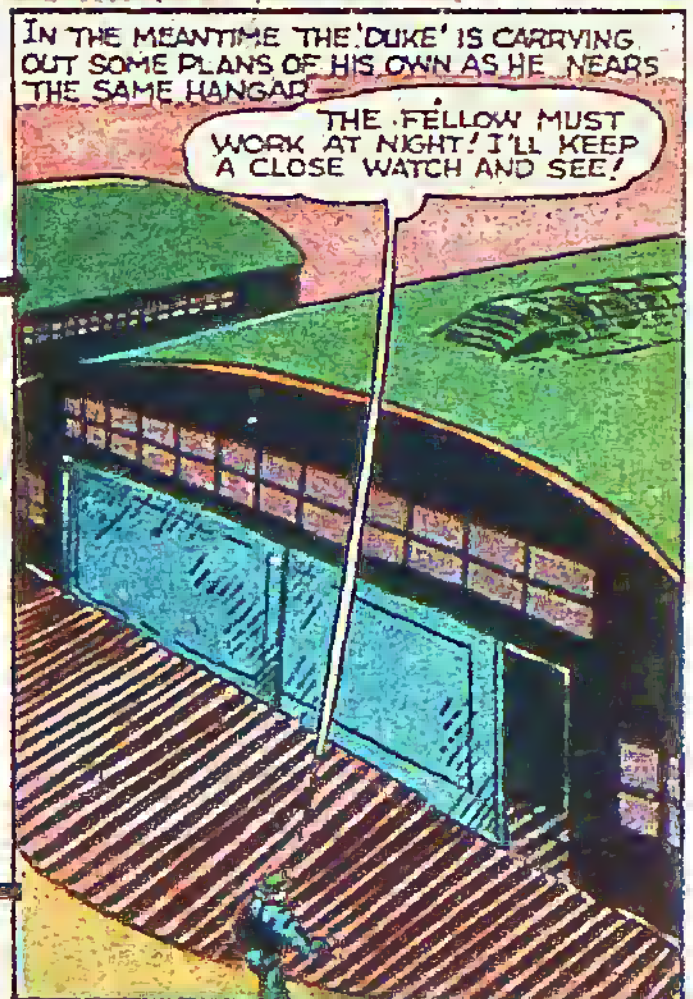
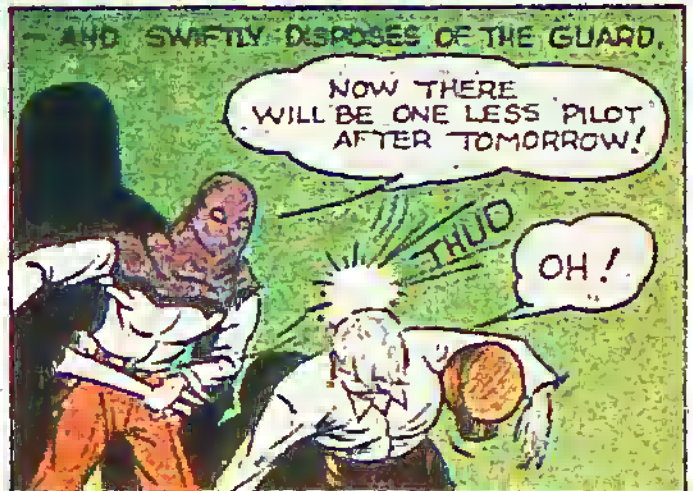
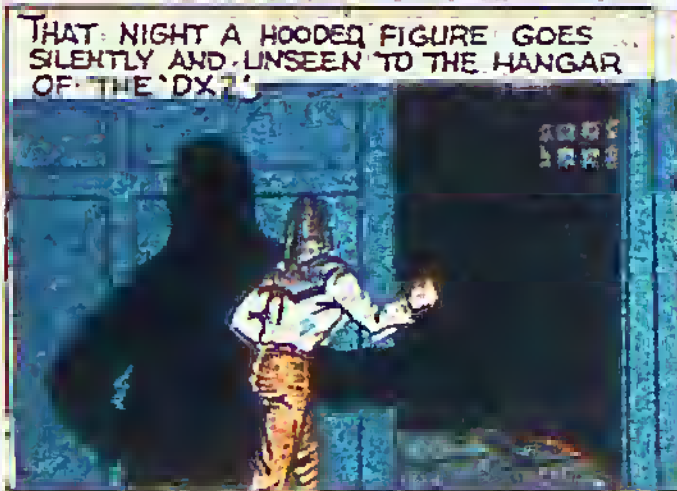






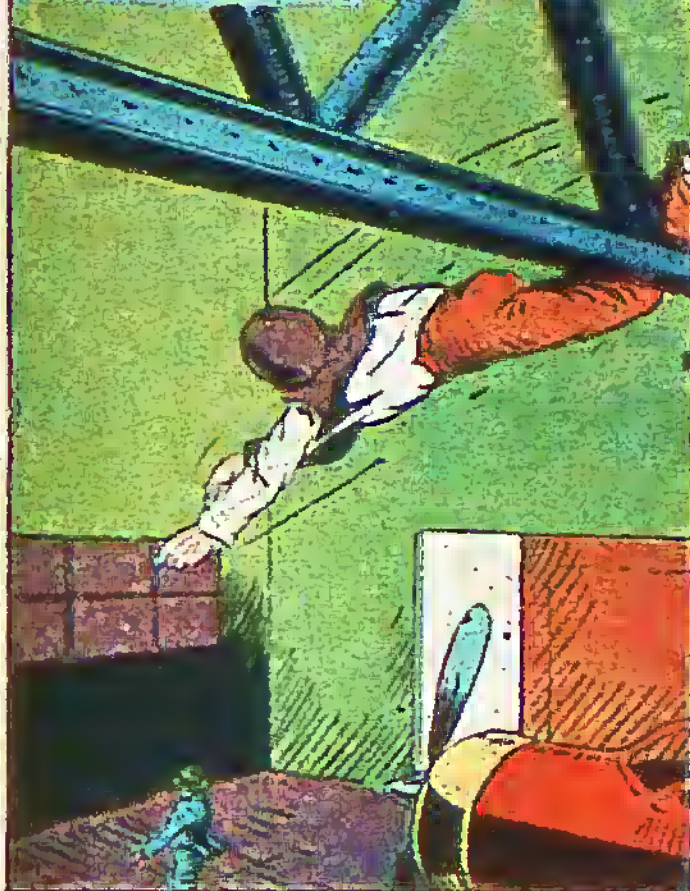




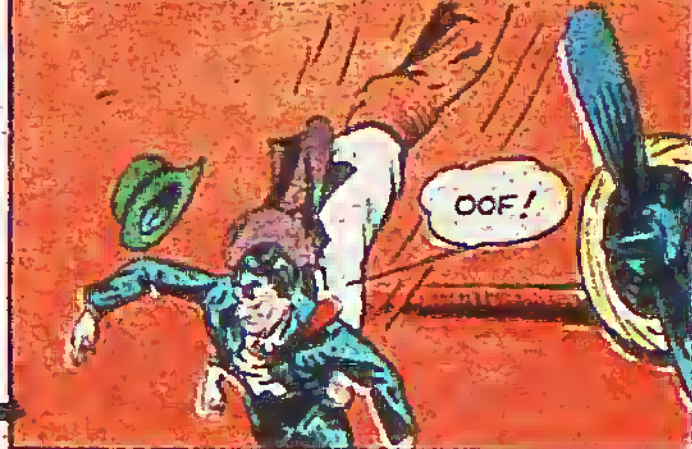




HIGH OVER-HEAD THE HOODED FIGURE  
WATCHES THE 'DUKE'S' EVERY MOVE -  
SUDDENLY HE LEAPS -



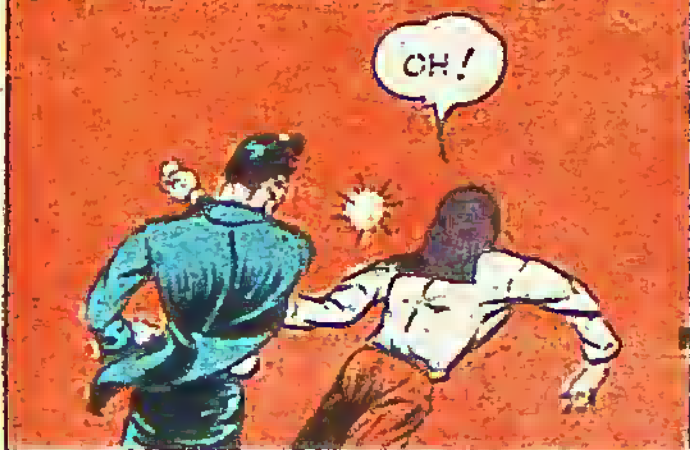
- THE DUKE IS CRASHED TO THE GROUND -



- BUT IS UP IN A FLASH SWINGING  
HIS FISTS -



A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES



BUT THE DUKE, QUICKER ON THE TRIGGER,  
SHOOTS THE GUN FROM THE OTHER'S HAND.



AS THE DUKE GOES DOWN THE INTRUDER  
DRAWS A GUN AND TAKES CAREFUL AIM -

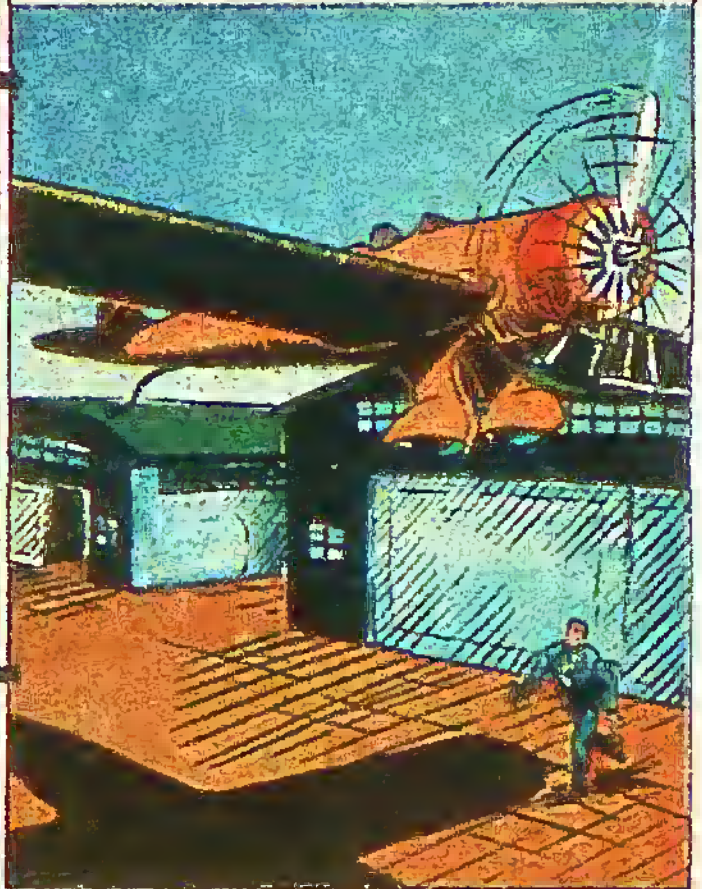




WITH A CRY OF PAIN THE HOODED FIGURE TURNS AND RUNS.



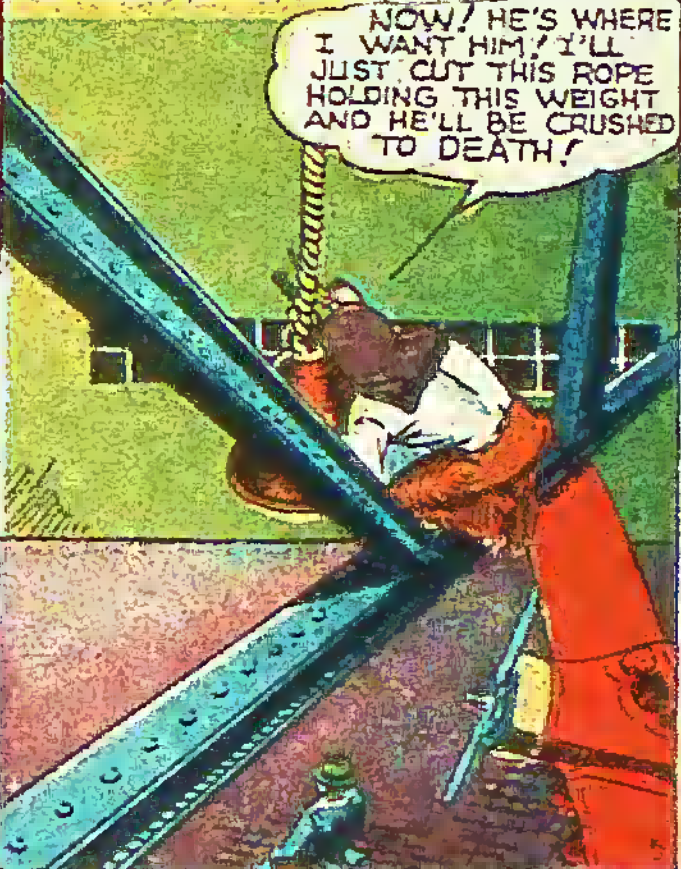
THE DUKE PURSUES HIM BUT COMES OUT OF THE HANGAR JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIM TAKE OFF IN A PLANE.



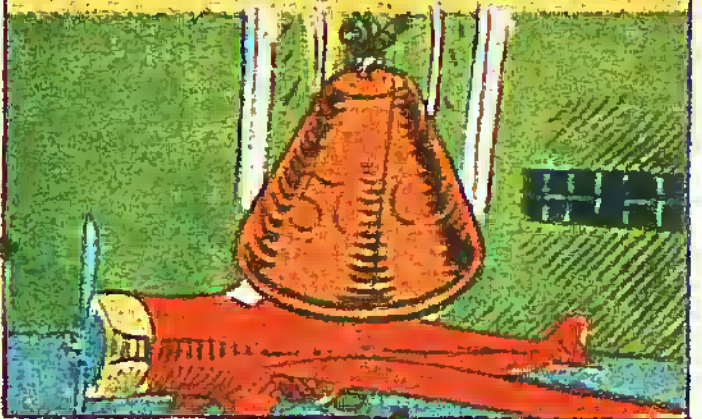
THE NEXT DAY THE DUKE CONTINUES HIS INVESTIGATION!



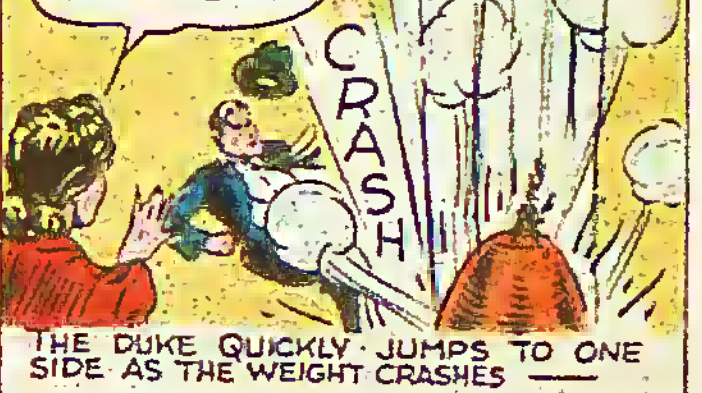
AS THE DUKE PASSES THROUGH ONE OF THE HANGARS — HIGH ABOVE HIM UNDER THE HANGAR ROOF A FLEETING FIGURE MAKES A QUICK MOVE, AND —



— A WEIGHT COMES HURLING DOWN STRAIGHT FOR THE DUKE



DUKE!  
LOOK OUT!



THE DUKE QUICKLY JUMPS TO ONE SIDE AS THE WEIGHT CRASHES —



LOOKING UP, THE DUKE SPOTS THE  
FIGURE RUNNING FOR A WINDOW.

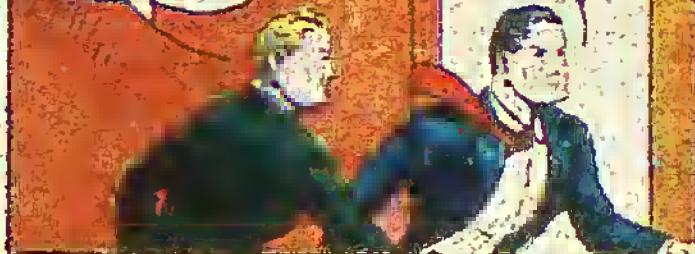
HE'S GOING  
FOR THE ROOF!



THE DUKE TRIES IN VAIN TO FIND A  
MEANS TO REACH THE HIGH ROOF.

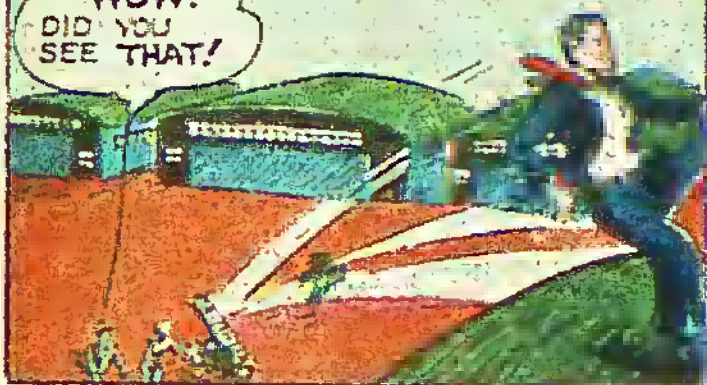
SORRY, DUKE,  
WE HAVE NO  
LADDERS HIGH  
ENOUGH!

SKIP IT -  
I'LL GET  
THERE!



THE DUKE MAKES QUICK USE OF THE GLIDER  
CLUB'S SMALL CATAPULT! - AND -

WOW!  
DID YOU  
SEE THAT!

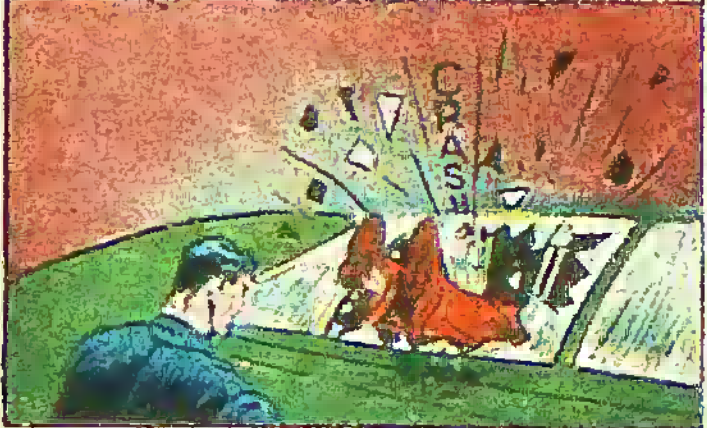


-- MAKES A SURPRISE LANDING ON THE HANGAR  
ROOF AND MAKES A FLYING TACKLE FOR  
THE INTRUDER --

WHAT THE?



THE MAN WITH THE BANDAGED HAND  
FALLS THROUGH A SKYLIGHT --



-- BUT LANDS SAFELY ON A PILE OF  
BALLOON SILK --

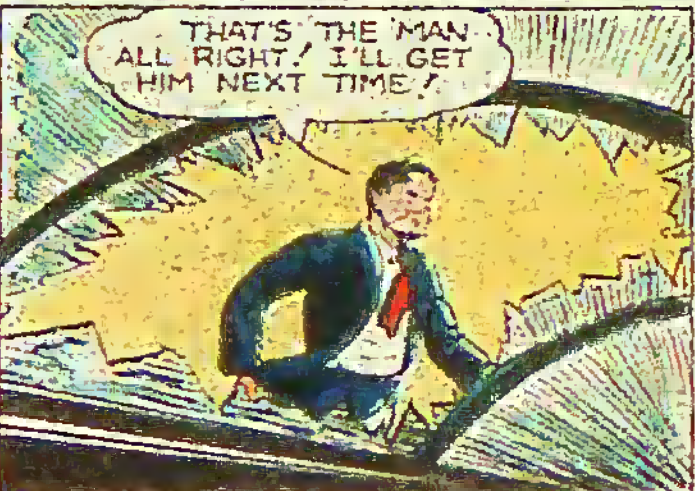


-- AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH A SIDE  
DOOR.

THERE HE  
GOES!

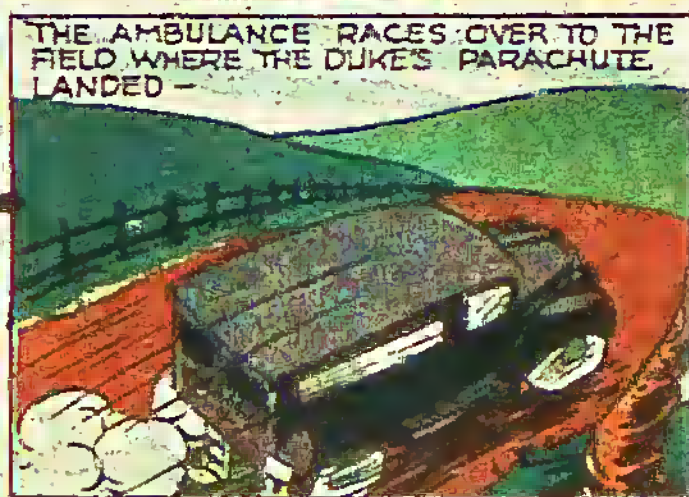
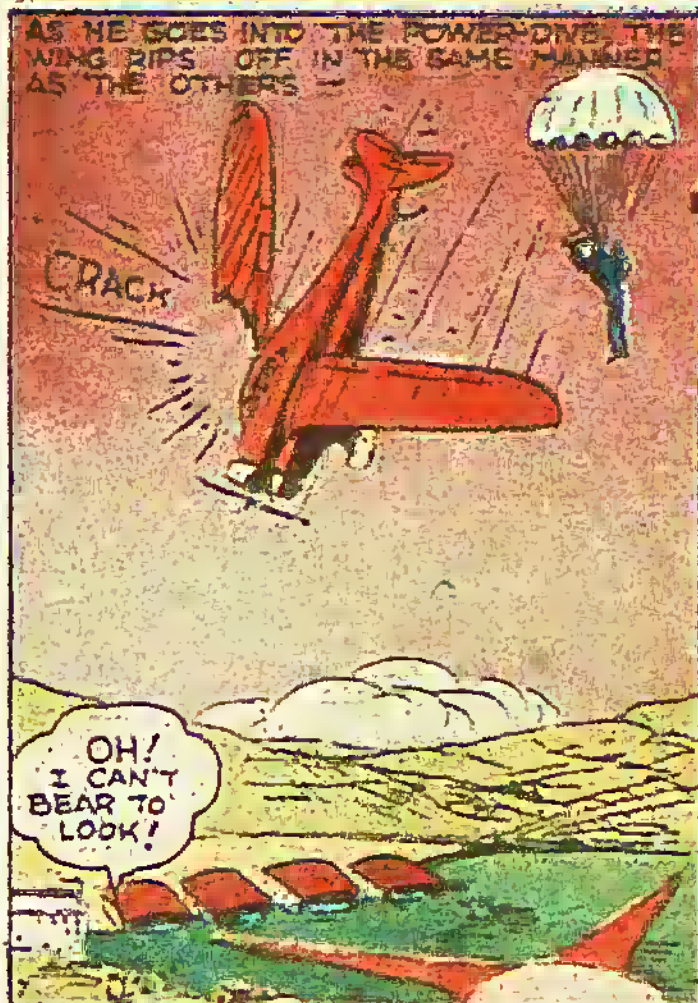
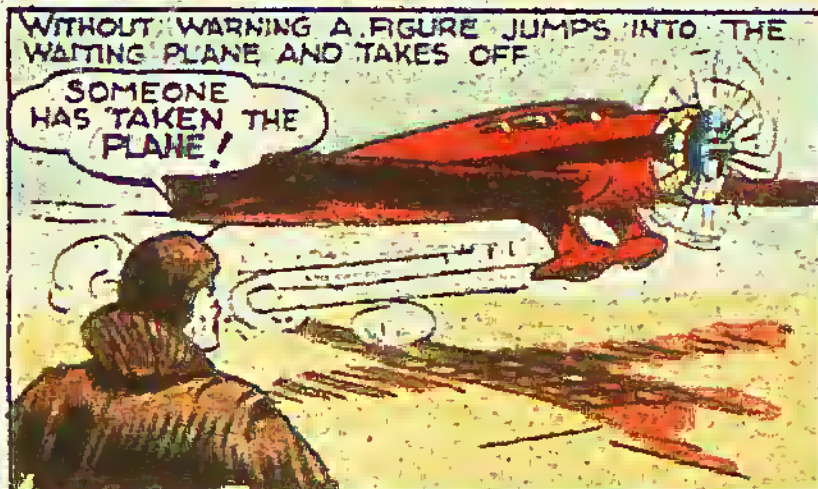


THAT'S THE MAN.  
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET  
HIM NEXT TIME!

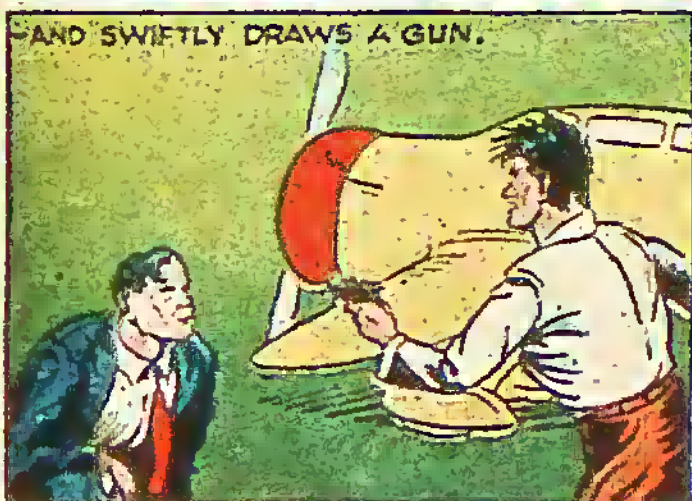
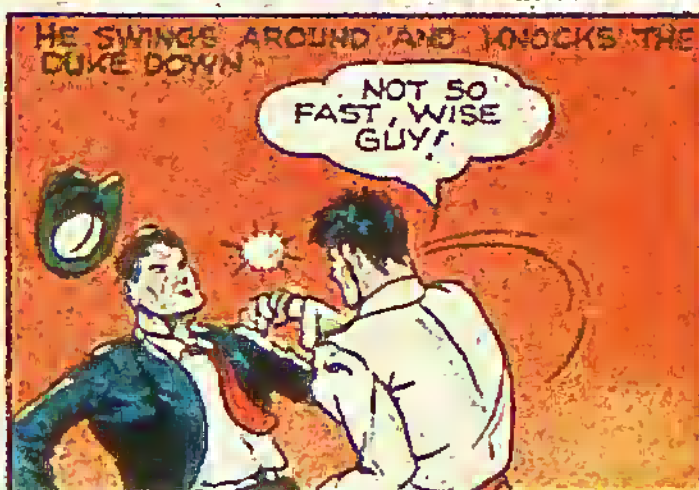
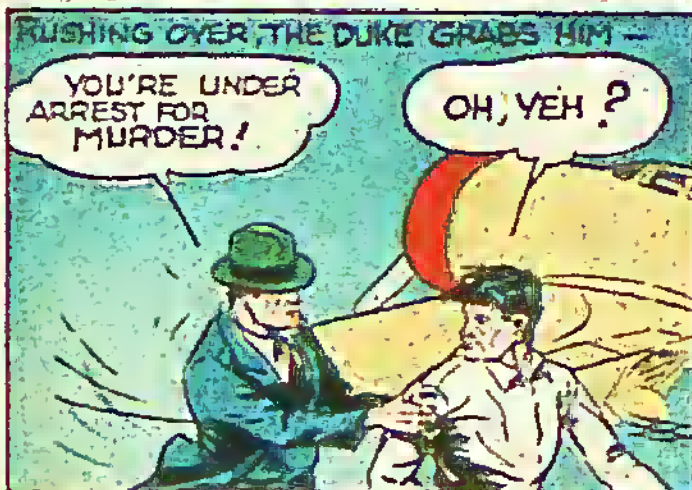
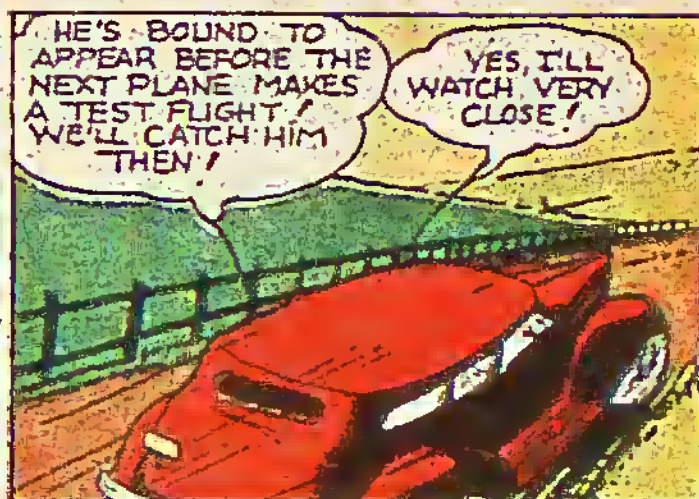




THE DUKE SUGGESTS ANOTHER FLIGHT — AFTER A CAREFUL CHECK-UP AND NOTHING CAN BE FOUND WRONG, THE 'OX2' IS WHEELED OUT FOR THE FLIGHT



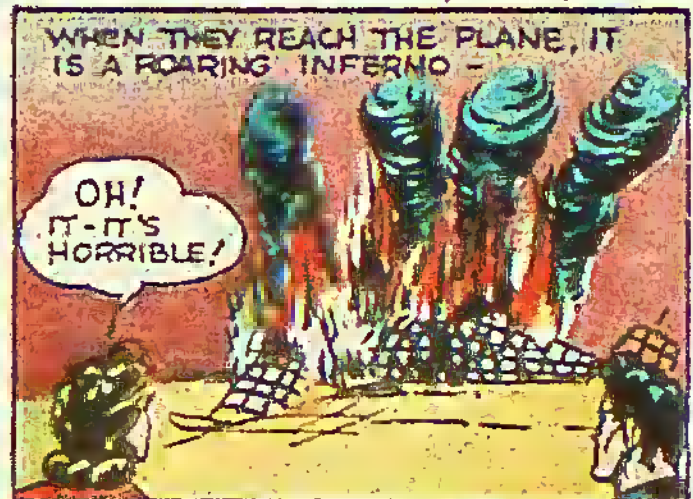
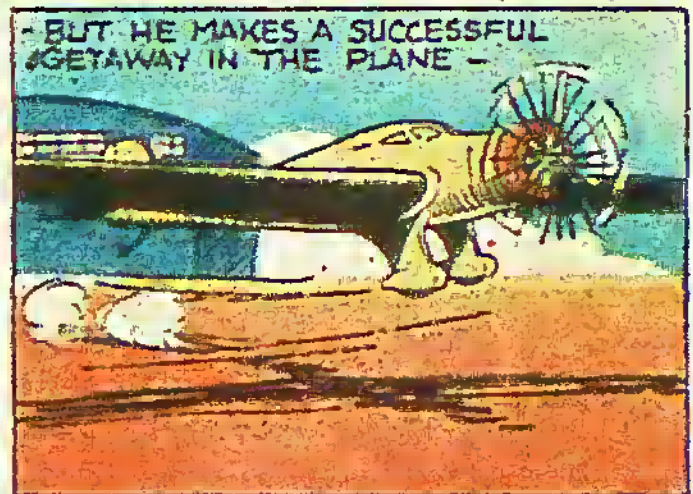
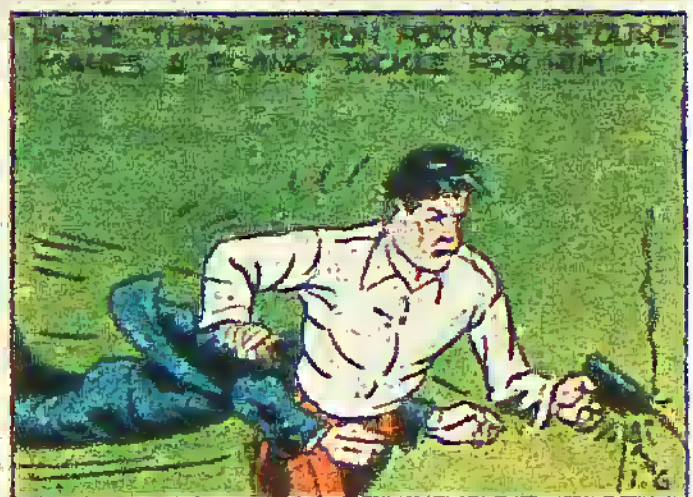
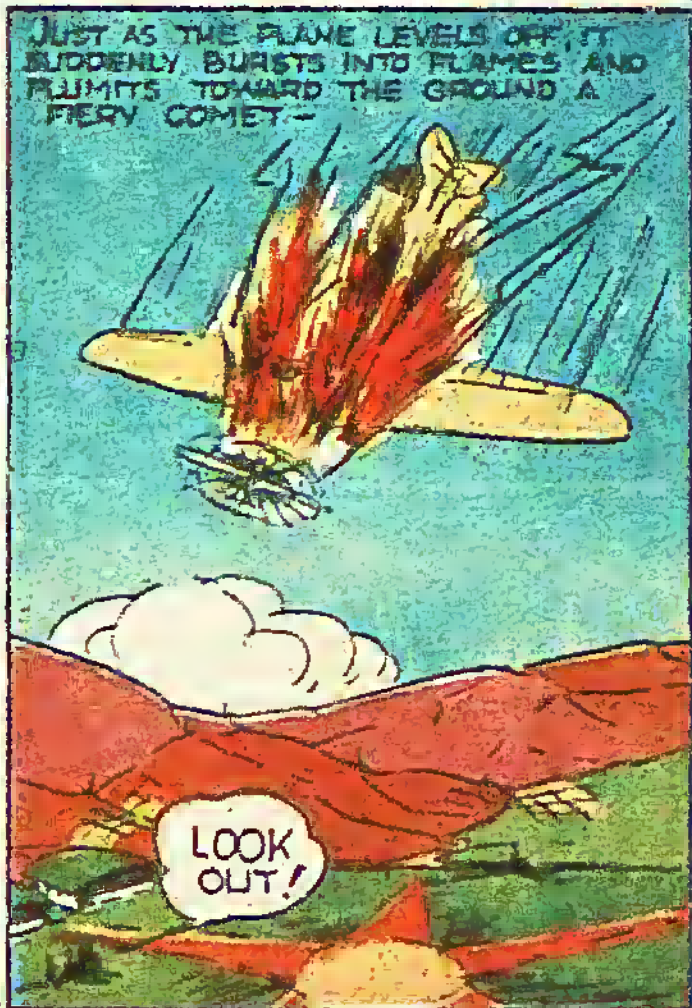








THE MURDERER SLOWLY BACKS TOWARD THE PLANE







RUDOLPH LAKE,  
MANUFACTURER

# THE WASP

FEATURING CRIMES GREATEST  
ENEMY IN THE "SPY RING" CASE

by JAY FLETCHER



PHILIP WINGATE,  
BANKER



BURTON SLADE, REPORTER



DAN ROBERTS, MECHANIC



YOU'VE SEEN THIS, OF  
COURSE, SLADE!  
ANYTHING NEW?

NOT  
YET,  
CHIEF!

AT THE OFFICES OF THE "DAILY FREE  
PRESS" EDITOR WILSON IS SPEAKING  
TO HIS STAR REPORTER, BURTON SLADE!

RA ★★ DAILY FREE PRESS

## BLUEPRINT OF ARMY PLANT STOLEN FROM AIR BASE

Plans of  
Latest AR  
Bomber  
Missing  
Files.

### Arms Hooks Sharks: Why? Just a Hobby

Louis 200 lbs.  
For Title Bout

ESPIONAGE  
F.B.I. IN  
RIGID IN  
TO BE  
BY HILL



BUT THAT STOLEN  
BLUEPRINT IS NO  
GOOD UNLESS THEY  
GET THE ONE THAT  
GOES WITH IT! THE  
TWO MAKE A COMPLETE  
SET AND ONE IS USE-  
LESS WITHOUT THE  
OTHER!

THOSE CROOKS  
WILL HAVE TO GO  
SOME TO GET  
THE OTHER  
ONE, CHIEF!



HEY, CHIEF -  
WINGATE AND  
LAKE TO  
SEE YOU!

SEND 'EM IN - - HMM -  
THE TWO MOST IN-  
FLUENTIAL MEN IN TOWN!  
NOW WHAT WOULD THEY  
WANT TO SEE ME  
ABOUT - - OKAY.  
SLADE - GET  
GOIN' - I  
WANT A  
GOOD  
STORY!



GOOD DAY,  
GENTLEMEN -  
WHAT CAN  
"I" DO  
FOR YOU?

WILSON, IN VIEW OF TO-  
DAY'S HEADLINES, LAKE  
AND MYSELF ARE FORM-  
ING A NEW CLUB IN TOWN  
TO BE DEVOTED TO  
AMERICANISM!

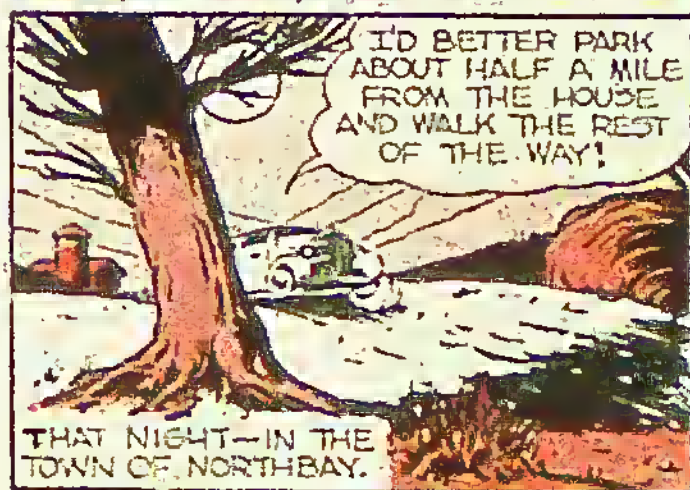
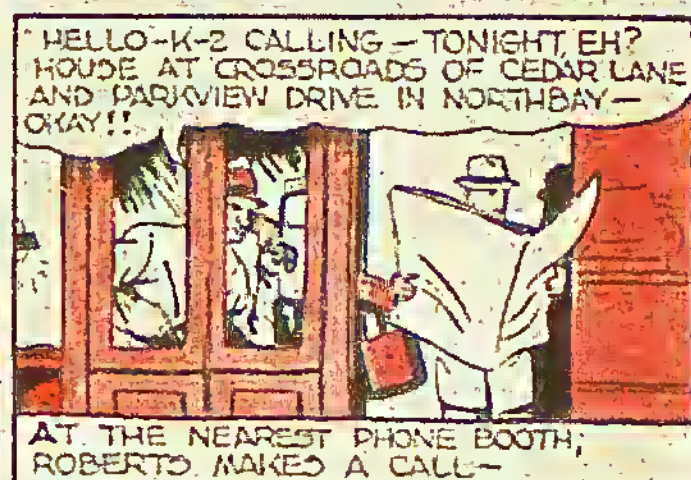
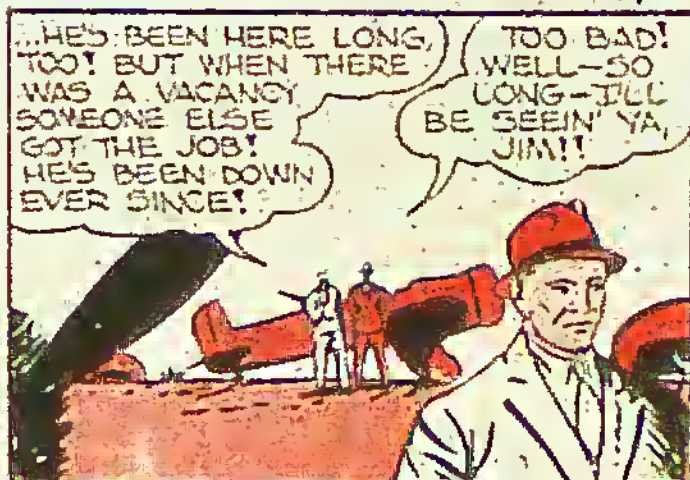
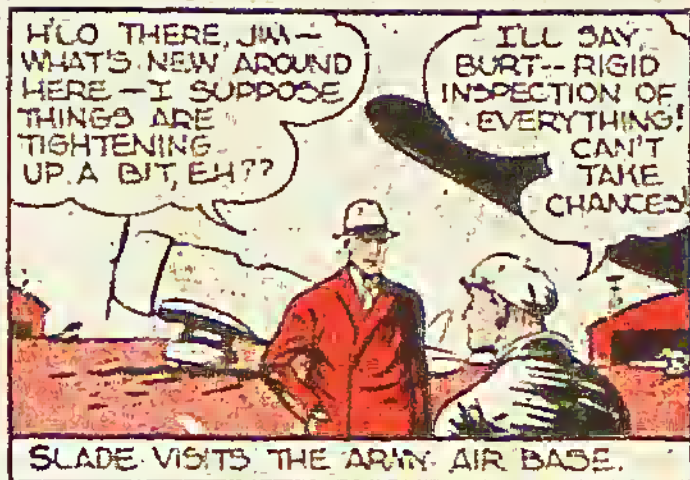
AND  
WE WOULD  
LIKE SOME  
PUBLICITY!



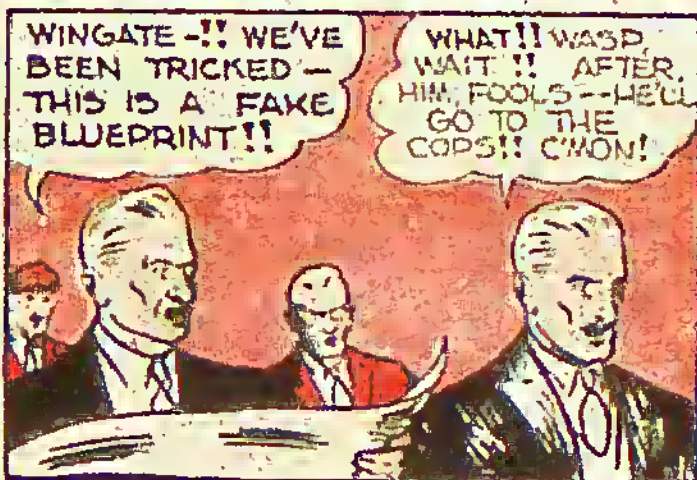
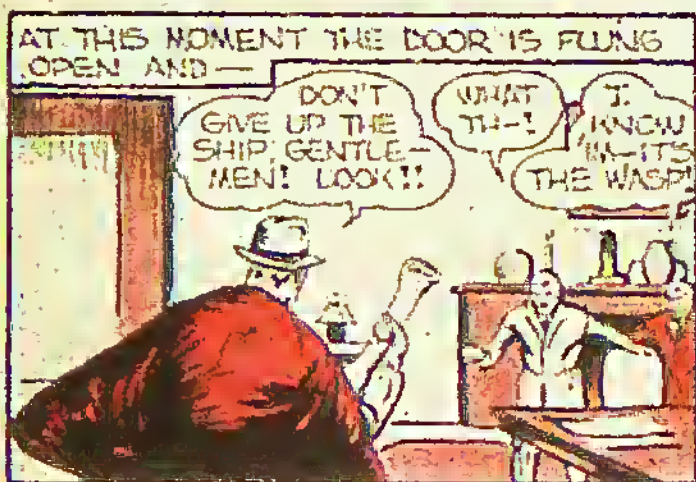
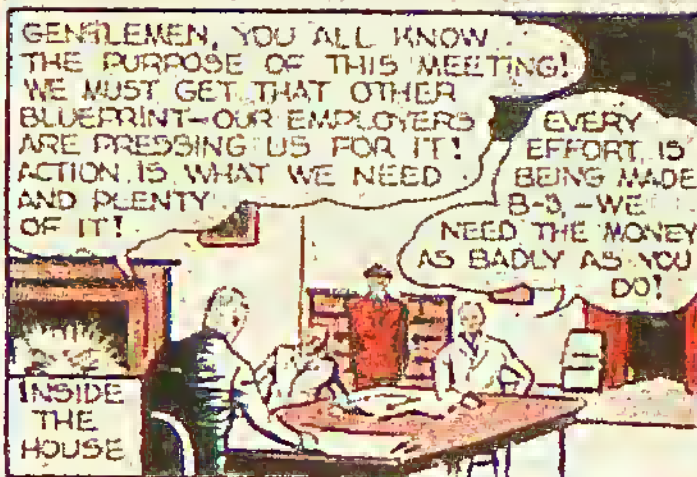
HERE ARE THE DE-  
TAILS AND A LIST  
OF OUR MEMBERS.  
ALL PROMINENT MEN!  
WE'D ALSO LIKE TO  
INCLUDE YOU AS A  
MEMBER, WILSON!

A GREAT MOVE,  
GENTLEMEN, AND  
OF COURSE I'LL  
JOIN! WE MUST  
DO OUR SHARE  
TO PROTECT  
AMERICA!











CAPTAIN, YOU LOCK ALL ENTRANCES SO HE CAN'T GET OUT! LAKE AND ROBERTS FOLLOW ME - IF HE GETS AWAY WE'RE LOST!

OKAY, WINGATE!



IN ONE OF THE ROOMS, THE WASP FINDS A TELEPHONE - IN A HUSHED VOICE, HE MAKES A CALL!

HELLO - ARMY AIR BASE? - GET THIS QUICK! THE FREIGHTER NOW AT PIER 31 IS A SPY-SHIP!! IF YOU WANT THE MEN WHO STOLE THE BLUEPRINT GET THERE AT ONCE - WHO IS THIS?? THIS IS THE WASP!!



A MOMENT AFTER THE WASP'S CALL.....

AH - HERE HE IS!!! JUST TAKE ONE STEP, WASP, AND I'LL DROP YOU!! GET HIM, MEN!



LIKE A FLASH THE WASP DIVES FOR THE NEAREST WINDOW!



THERE HE GOES! LET 'IM HAVE IT!!



WELL - HE GOT AWAY! -!! -!! -!! IN FIVE MINUTES THE HOUSE'LL BE SURROUNDED BY COPS - OUR ONLY CHANCE IS THE FREIGHTER - LET'S GO!!

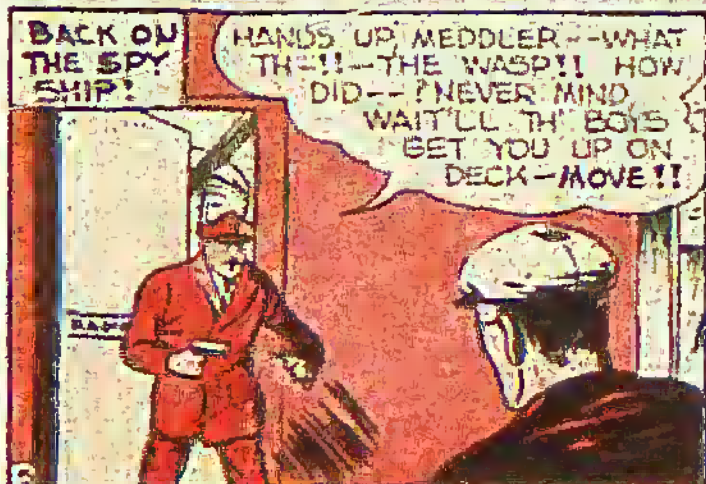
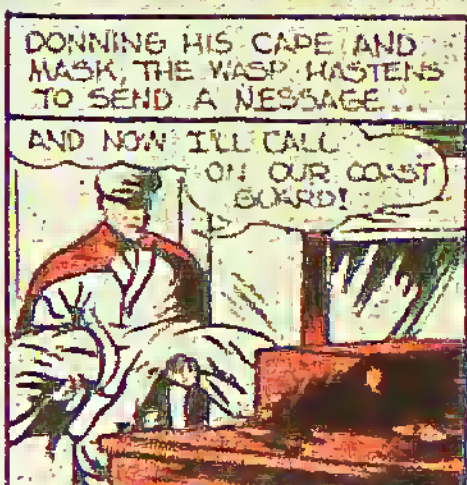


A FEW MINUTES LATER A POWERFUL CAR SPEEDS UP THE ROAD.....

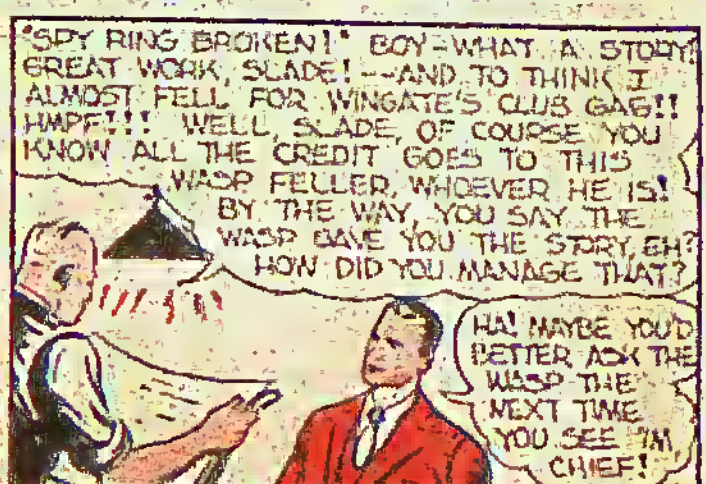
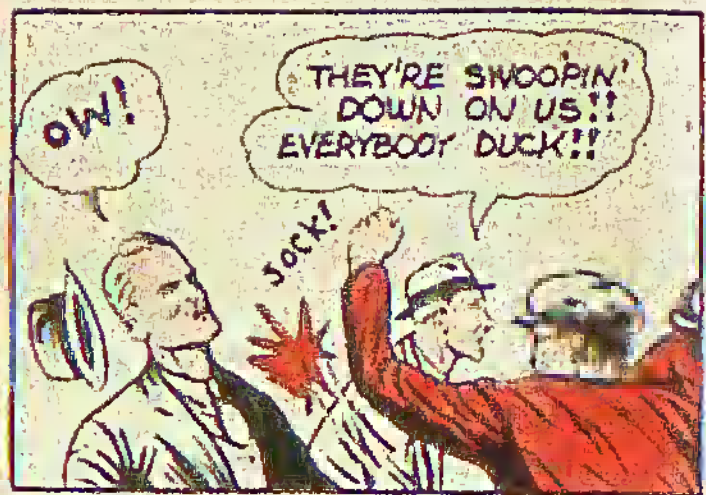
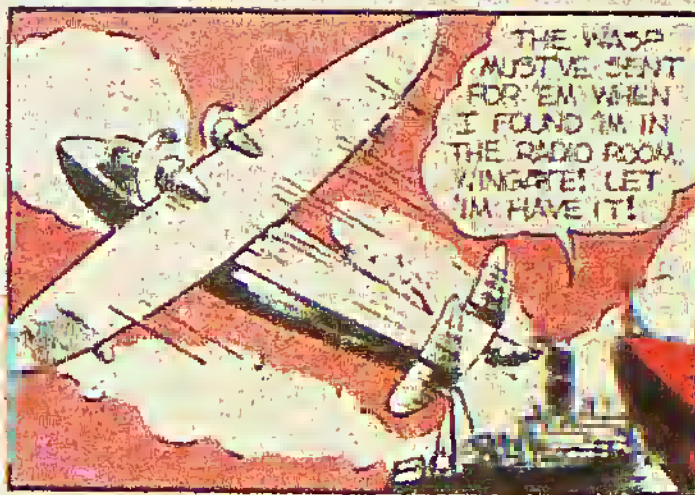


...AND HALF A MILE DOWN THE ROAD ANOTHER CAR FOLLOWS SUIT!







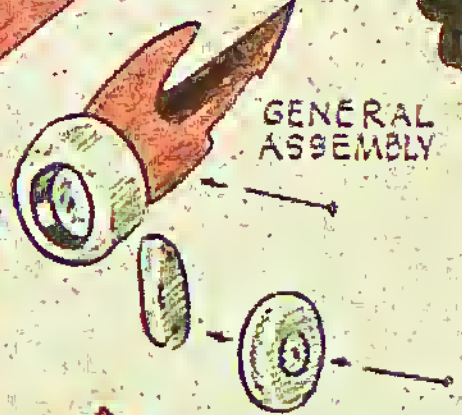
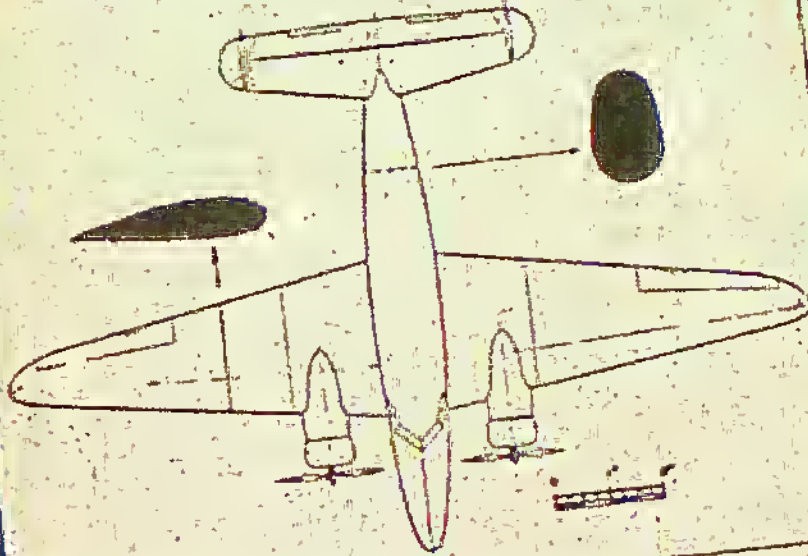
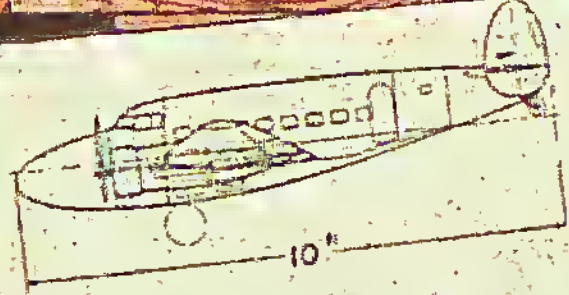
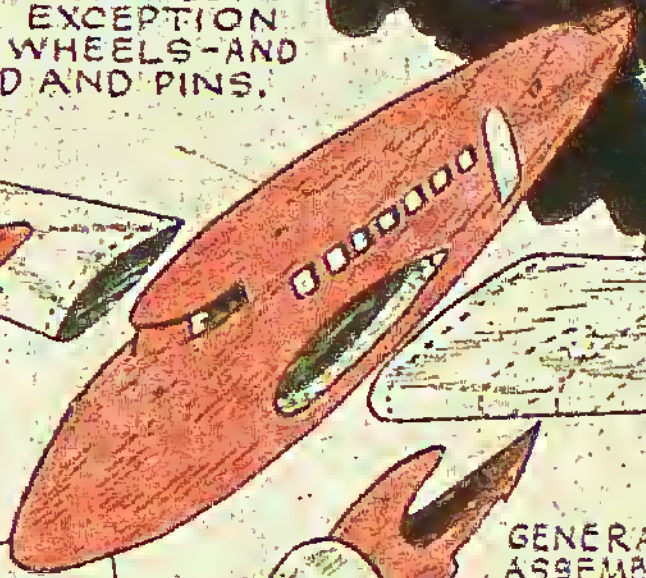
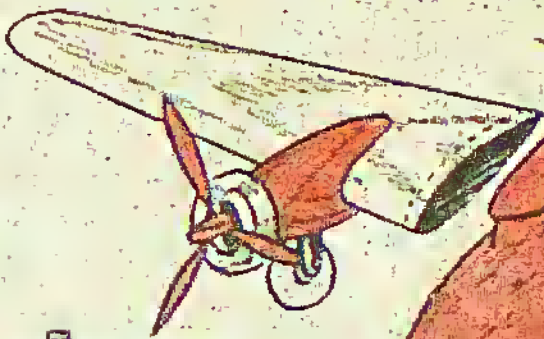




By Fayfill

# Make this SOLID SCALE MODEL of the "LOCKHEED 14"

THE ENTIRE PLANE IS CARVED FROM SOFT BALSA-WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE PROPELLORS AND WHEELS-AND IS ASSEMBLED WITH AMBROID AND PINS.



GENERAL ASSEMBLY



RETRACTABLE LANDING GEAR DETAILS

(REVERSE ON OTHER SIDE)

TAIL ASSEMBLY DETAIL





# BARRY LANE

THE ADVENTURE-HUNTER

IN "MESA JUSTICE"

By

L. E. DANFMAN

BARRY LANE, DYNAMIC YOUNG ADVENTURER, HAS RECEIVED A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND, SHERIFF PAT BOWERS OF PINE GLUCH, WYOMING.

DEAR BARRY, - IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR EXCITEMENT, HERE'S THE PLACE FOR YOU. - THIS COUNTY HAS BECOME THE STAMPING GROUND OF A GANG OF 'CATTLE-RUSTLERS, CALLING THEMSELVES, THE "WOODED RAVENS" AND THEY ARE MAKING PLENTY TROUBLE' - IF YOU COME, I'LL MAKE YOU A DEPUTY. - YOURS TRULY, PAT BOWERS

BARRY, ALWAYS IRRESISTIBLY ATTRACTED TO THE CALL OF ACTION, IS SOON ABOARD A SPEEDING TRAIN, BOUND FOR THE WIDE OPEN SPACES!



LATER HE ARRIVES AT PINE GLUCH -

WHERE CAN I FIND SHERIFF BOWERS' OFFICE?

DOWN THE STREET A PIECE, 'CROSS FROM HARPERS SALOON, PARTNER

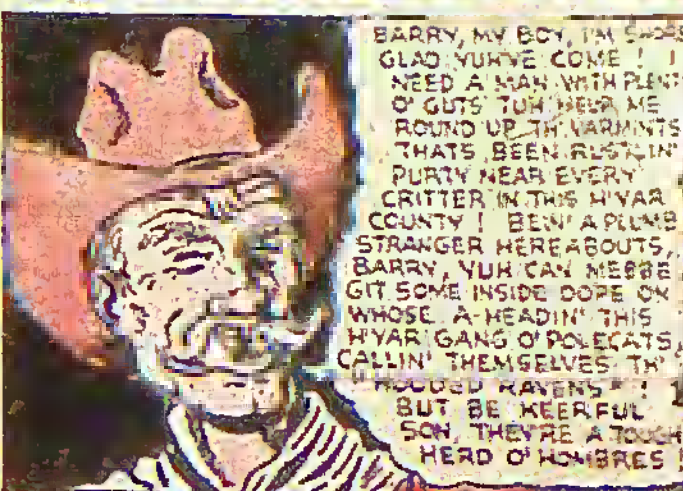
PINE G



HERE'S THE PLACE ALLRIGHT, - I HOPE HE'S IN!

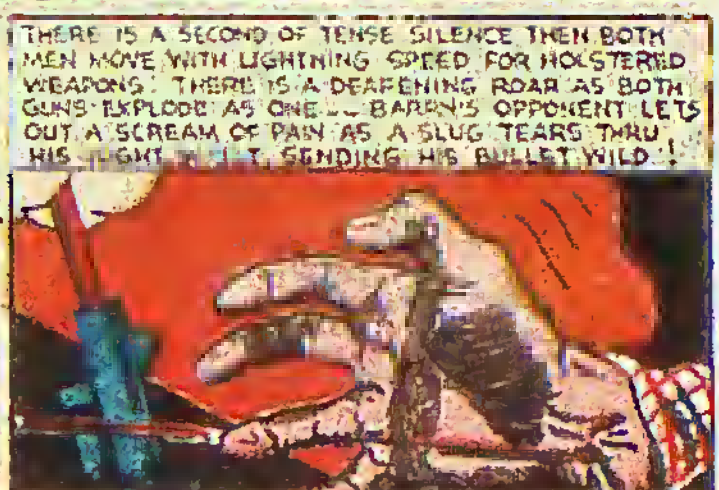
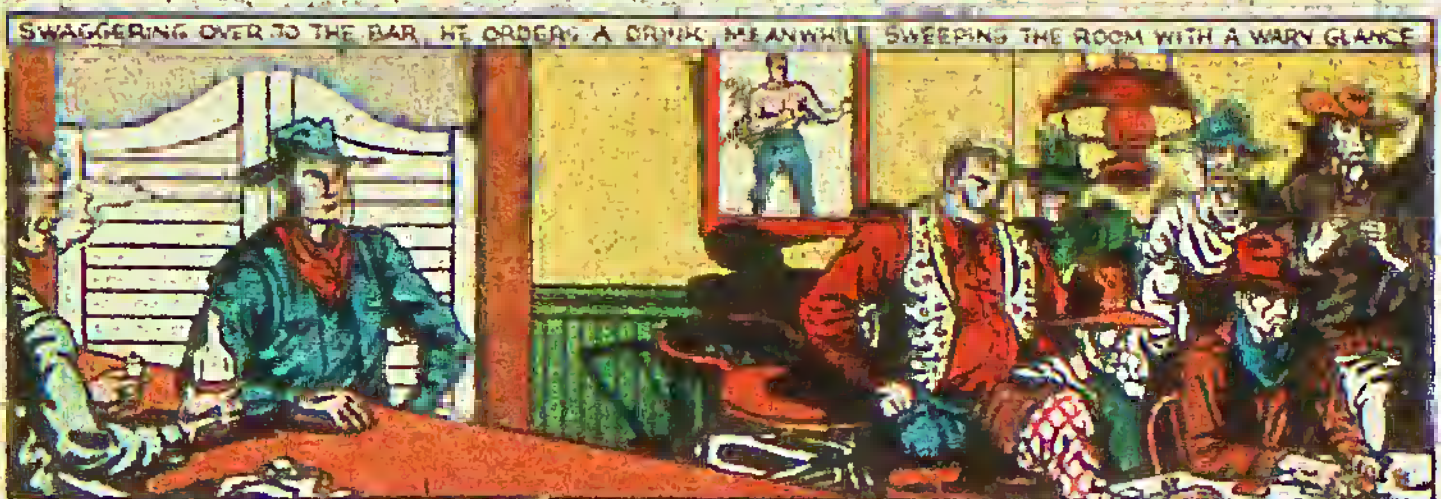
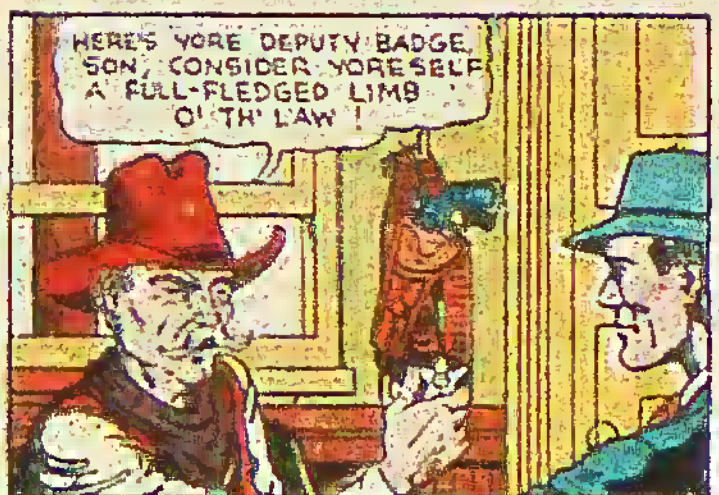
HELLO, PAT!

WELL, TAN MY OL' HIDE, YUH DID COME, YUH YOUNG RASCAL!

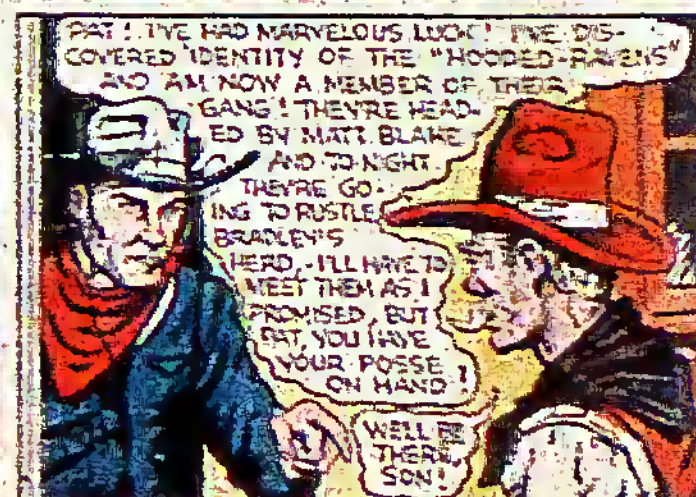
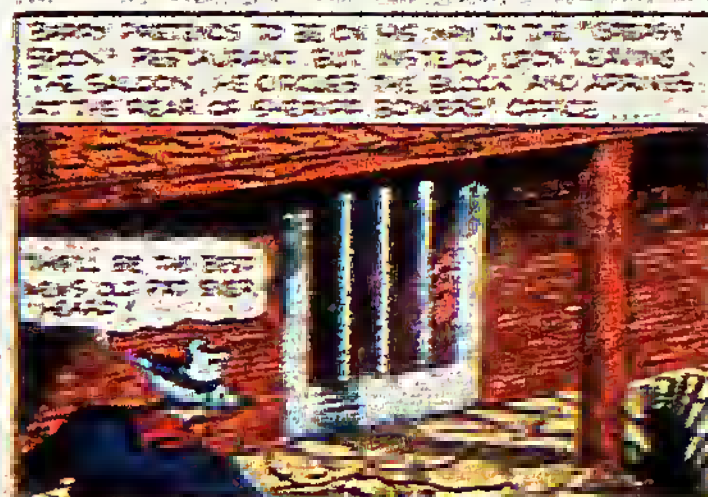
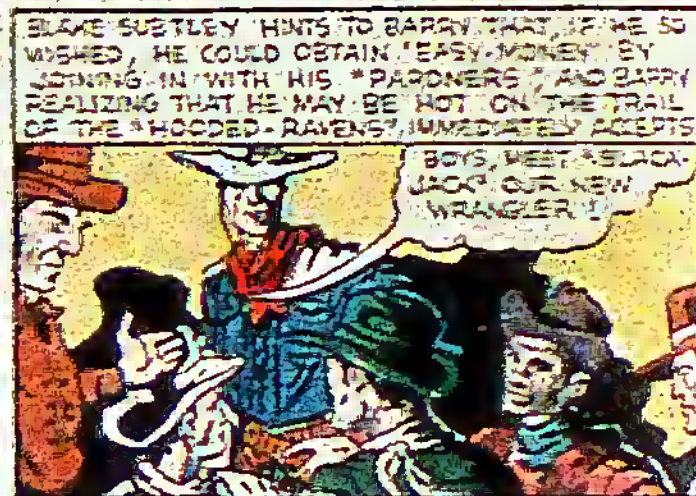


BARRY, MY BOY, I'M SURE GLAD YUHVE COME! I NEED A MAN WITH PLENTY O' GUTS YUH HEAR ME ROUND UP TH' VARMINTS THATS BEEN RUSTLIN' PURTY NEAR EVERY CRITTER IN THIS HYAR COUNTY! BENI A PLUMB STRANGER HEREABOUTS, BARRY, YUH CAN MESSE GIT SOME INSIDE DOPE ON WHOSE A-HEADIN' THIS HYAR GANG O' DOLECATS, CALLIN' THEMSELVES TH' 'WOODED RAVENS'! BUT BE KEERFUL SON, THEYRE A TOUGH HERD O' HOMBRES!











THAT NIGHT, BARRY, WEARING A HOOD, GALLOPS THRU THE NIGHT FOR THE MID-NIGHT RENDEZVOUS.



MEANWHILE, SHERIFF DAT BOWERS HAS HIS POSSE IN FULL READINESS, STATIONED, OUT OF SIGHT, BEHIND A HUGE BOULDER ON THE SCENE OF THE OUT-LAW'S MEETING PLACE.



BLAKE AND HIS MEN ARE SOON GATHERED AND ARE GIVEN INSTRUCTIONS BY THEIR LEADER...



ALL RIGHT MEN! LET'S GET GOIN'. WE'LL ROUND UP TH' HERD IN TH' SOUTHEAST CORNER O' TH' PASTURE AN' THEN CUT TH' FENCE - RED AN' ACE. KEEP LOOKOUT BY TH' PASS!

BEHIND THE BOULDER, SHERIFF BOWERS, LIKEWISE, SPEAKS TO HIS MEN.



MAY AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH BOYS. CHARGE AN' TAKE 'EM ALIVE, IF YUH CAN!

WITH A WHOOP THE POSSE CHARGES, FIRING IN THE AIR!



YORE UNDER ARREST IN TH' NAME O' TH' LAW!

BLAKE IMMEDIATELY SUSPECTS THE NEW MEMBER, "BLACK-JACK", AND HE TURNS ON BARRY...



DANG YUH! I'LL PLUG YORE LYIN' HEART!

BETTER NOT DRAV BLAKE, OR YOUR A DEAD MAN!

BLAKE'S MEN HAVE DECIDED ON RESISTANCE AND THE LITTLE RAGES FURIOUSLY!



DISREGARDING BARRY'S GUN AND IN A FRENZY OF FEAR, BLAKE GALLOPS HIS HORSE IN MAD FLIGHT, WHILE BARRY SPURS HIS MOUNT IN HOT PURSUIT!



NOT SO FAST, MR "HOODED RAVEN", YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE LAW!



BARRY UNDOUBTLY HAS A MIGHTY AND WHOLE IT AS HE THUNDERS ON!



WITH A MIGHTY SWING, HE SENDS THE LASSO WHIRLING THRU THE AIR. IT SWOOPS LIKE A SNAKE ABOUT BLAKE'S SHOULDERS!



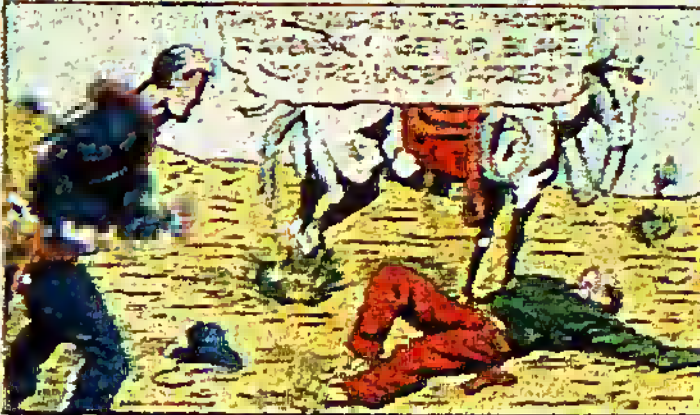
THE FALLEN BLAKE ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT, BUT LIKE A FLASH BARRY DISMOUNTS AND WITH A SWEEPING KICK SENDS THE RUSTLER'S GUN FLYING!



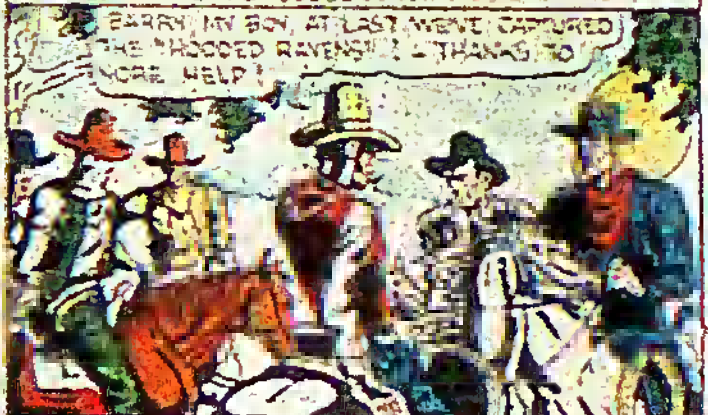
THE TWO MEN ENGAGE IN A VICIOUS SCUG-FEST!



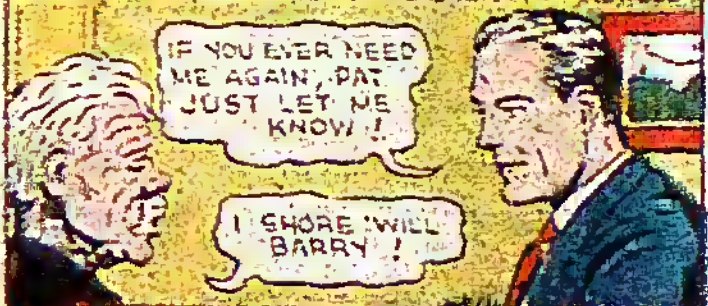
BARRY'S ATHLETIC BUILD AND YOUTHFUL STAMINA, HOWEVER, TELLS, AND BLAKE IS FELLED WITH A SMASHING BLOW THOROUGHLY BEATEN.



HE RETURNS WITH HIS CAPTIVE, TO FIND THE SHERIFF POSSE VICTORIOUS, AND WITH THE RUSTLERS HAND-CLIPPED IN THEIR SADDLES.



NEXT MORNING, BARRY BIDS THE SHERIFF FAREWELL.



NEXT ISSUE - "THE GHOST OF KIRKWOOD CASTLE!" DON'T MISS THIS BLOOD-CHILLING EPISODE OF HORRORS IN AN OLD BRITISH MANSION! THE END



# SPIRIT MAN

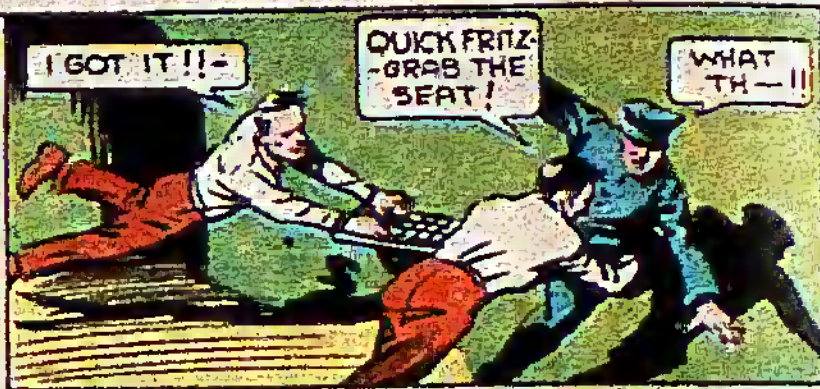
SPIRIT MALCOLM, BETTER KNOWN AS THE SPIRITMAN, AND HIS LOYAL FRIEND RAY WILLIAMS, WHO FIGHT ALL CRIMINALS, ARE TUNING IN THE "FUTURSCOPE"—A MACHINE THAT PROJECTS ON A SCREEN ANY ACTION THAT IS GOING ON IN ANY PART OF THE EARTH... AND SPIRITMAN, LIKE A TRUE SPIRIT, ARRIVES, UNSEEN, WHERE EVER HE WILLS IT... SUDDENLY, ONE DAY, THE "FUTURSCOPE" REVEALS A STARTLING SCENE—







ALL SET! LET'S GO!



I GOT IT!!-

QUICK FRITZ-  
GRAB THE  
SEAT!

WHAT  
TH--!!



QUICK! -WE  
HAVE TO  
WORK FAST  
BEFORE WE'RE  
DISCOVERED!

THAT ONE  
SHOULD  
HOLD HIM!

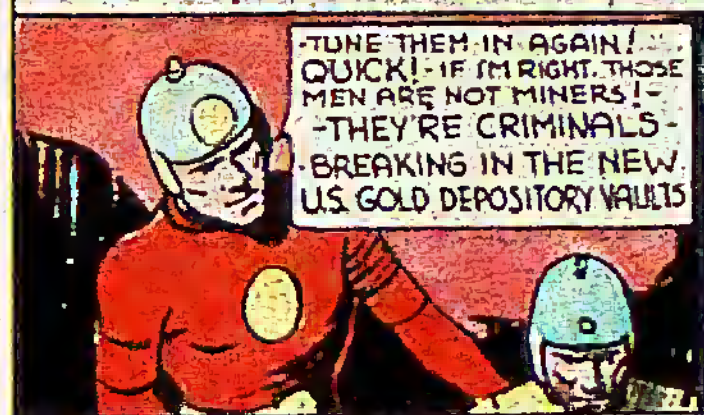
UH-  
UGH!



WELL-SHE TESTS  
ALL RIGHT-EXCEPT  
FOR THE DIRECTION  
LOCATER!

DIDN'T IT SEEM FUNNY TO YOU?  
-THEY LOOKED LIKE COAL  
MINERS TUNNELING THRU FOR  
BOOTLEG COAL-YET THERE'S  
SOMETHING STRANGE-HMM!

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM-



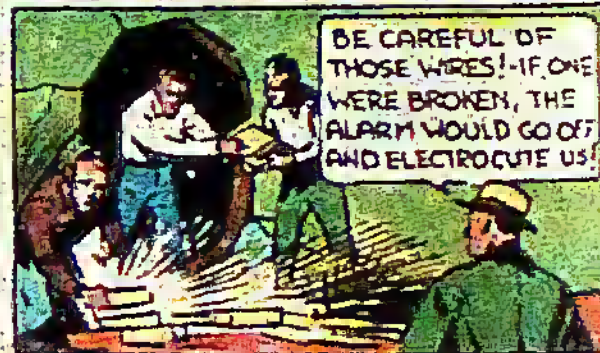
-TUNE THEM IN AGAIN!  
QUICK! -IF I'M RIGHT, THOSE  
MEN ARE NOT MINERS!-  
-THEY'RE CRIMINALS-  
-BREAKING IN THE NEW  
U.S. GOLD DEPOSITORY VAULTS



RIGHT! -IT'S A LUCKY THING  
I DIDN'T DISTURB THIS  
DIAL SETTING! -NOW WATCH



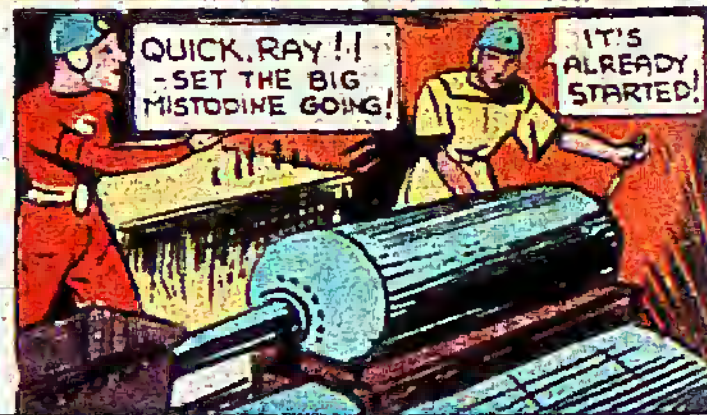
C'MON! -WE'VE  
GOT TO WORK  
FASTER!  
-WE DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
MINUTE WE'LL  
BE DISCOVERED



BE CAREFUL OF  
THOSE WIRES! -IF ONE  
WERE BROKEN, THE  
ALARM WOULD GO OFF  
AND ELECTROCUTE US!



HURRIEDLY THE MEN REMOVE THE GOLD-

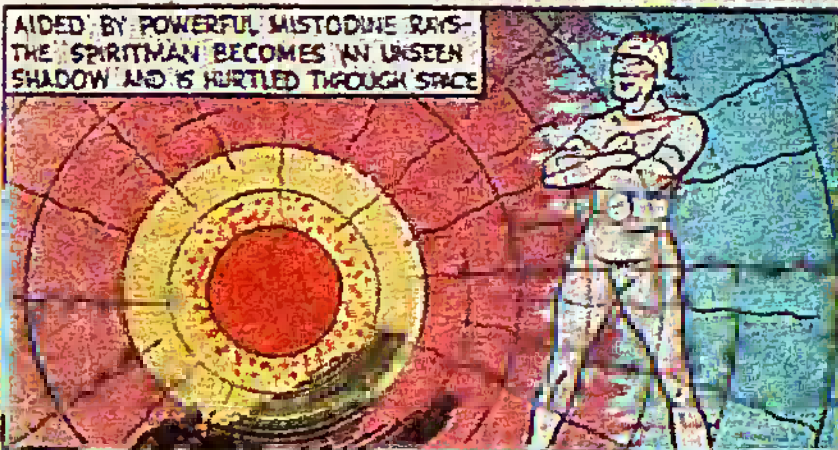


QUICK, RAY!!  
-SET THE BIG  
MISTODINE GOING!

IT'S  
ALREADY  
STARTED!



AIDED BY POWERFUL HUSTODINE RAYS-  
THE SPIRITMAN BECOMES AN UNSEEN  
SHADOW AND IS HURTTLED THROUGH SPACE



THE SPIRITMAN  
DESCENDS NEAR  
THE LOADED  
TRUCK!



UNSEEN TO THE CREW THE SPIRITMAN WATCHES...

ALL SET NOW!  
PULL AWAY!

OK BOSS

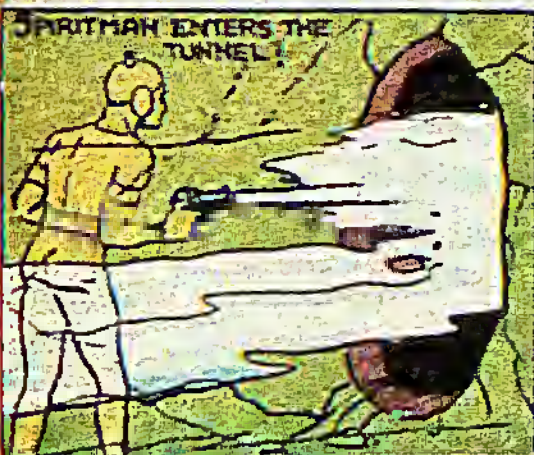


WE'LL GO INSIDE AND STORE  
THE GOLD IN THE MOUTH OF THE  
TUNNEL- SO WE WON'T HAVE ANY  
TROUBLE WITH THE NEXT LOADING!

I'LL BE GLAD  
WHEN THIS  
IS OVER AND  
DONE WITH!  
-IT GIVES ME  
THE CREEPS!



SPIRITMAN ENTERS THE  
TUNNEL!



AND FIRES A  
VOLLEY FROM  
HIS POWERFUL  
EXPLODINE GUN -



WHAT WAS IT?  
-SOUNDED LIKE  
AN EXPLOSION!

-THE ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED  
WITH TONS OF ROCK! WE'RE  
TRAPPED LIKE RATS!

-SEEMED TO  
COME FROM  
OUR TUNNEL!

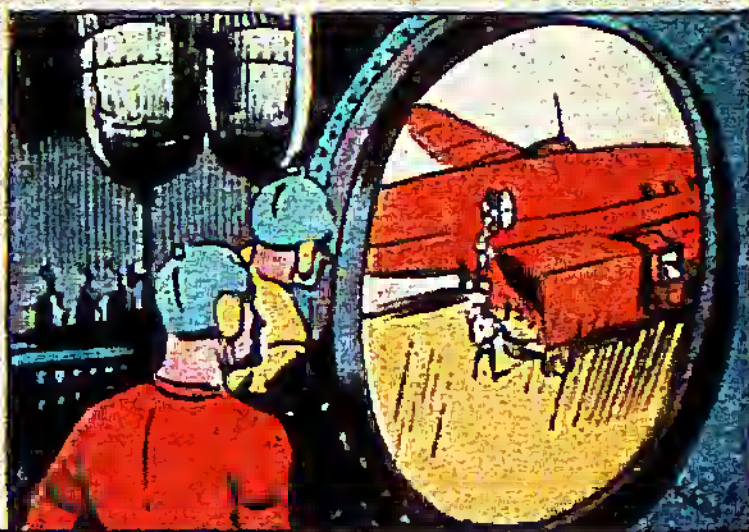
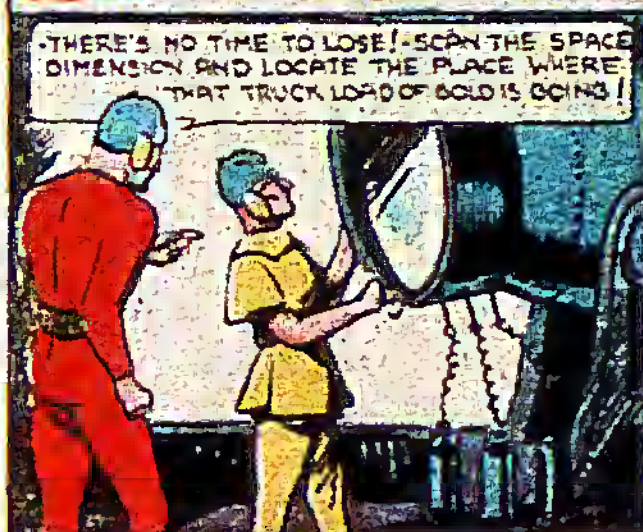
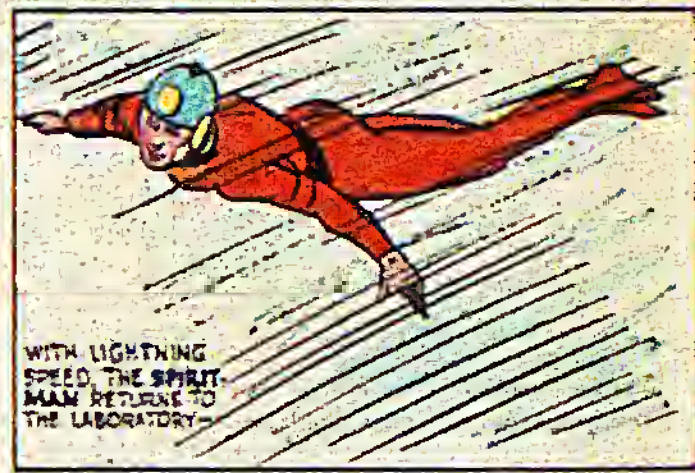
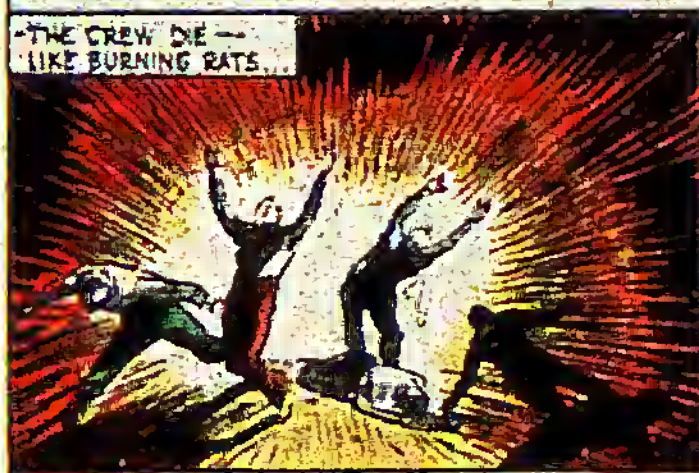
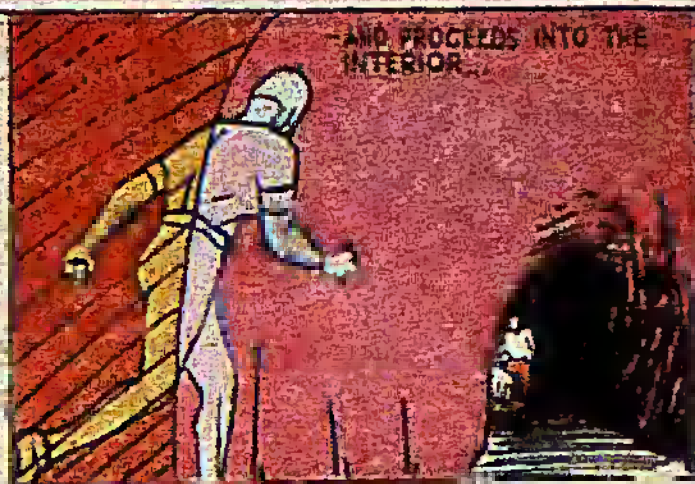
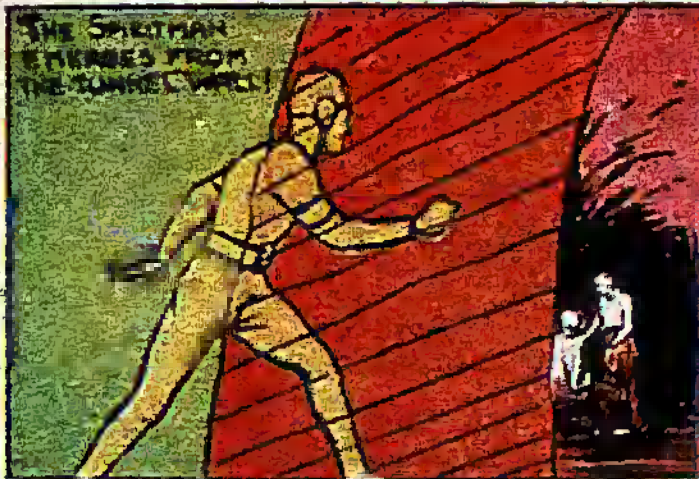


WHAT WILL  
WE DO  
NOW?

IF THE HIGH  
TENSION ELEC-  
TRIC SYSTEM  
DONT GET US -  
THE GUARDS' LL  
NAB US AS  
WE GO  
OUT!

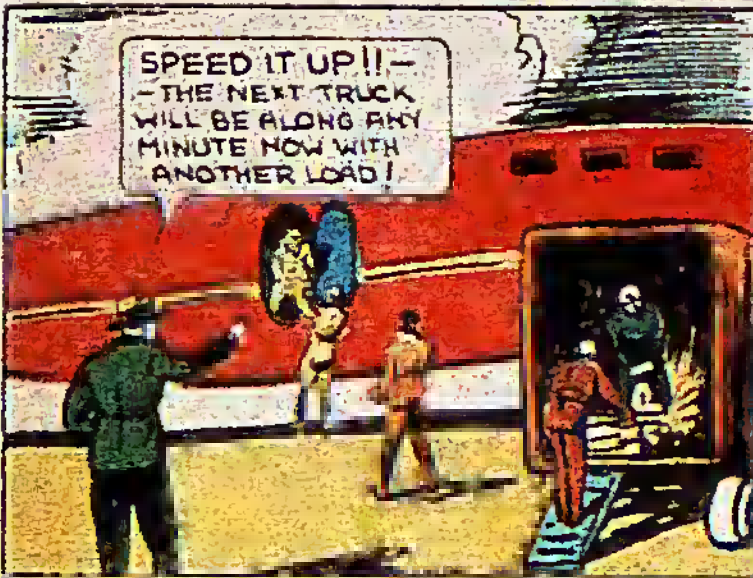




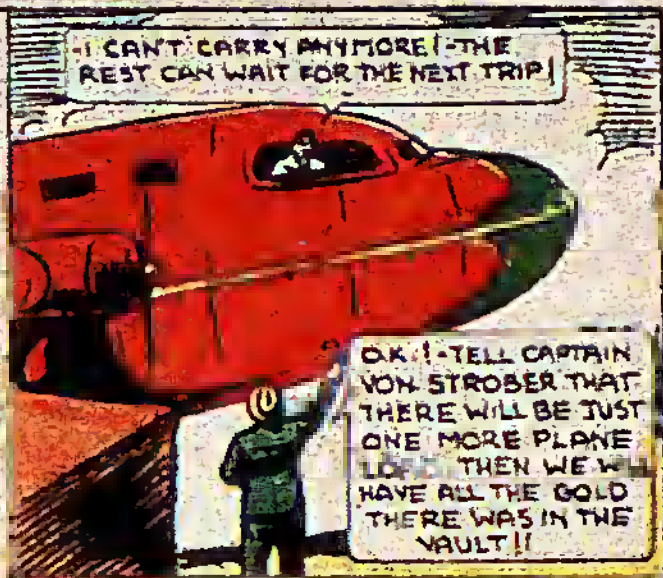




SPEED IT UP!!—  
—THE NEXT TRUCK  
WILL BE ALONG ANY  
MINUTE NOW WITH  
ANOTHER LOAD!

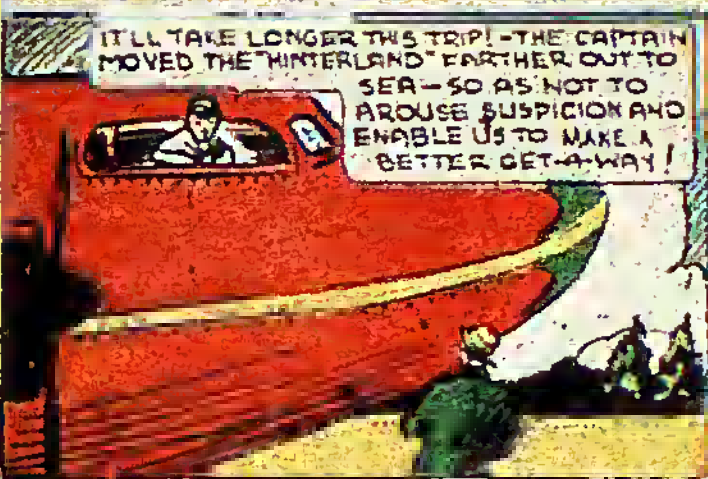


I CAN'T CARRY ANYMORE!—THE  
REST CAN WAIT FOR THE NEXT TRIP!

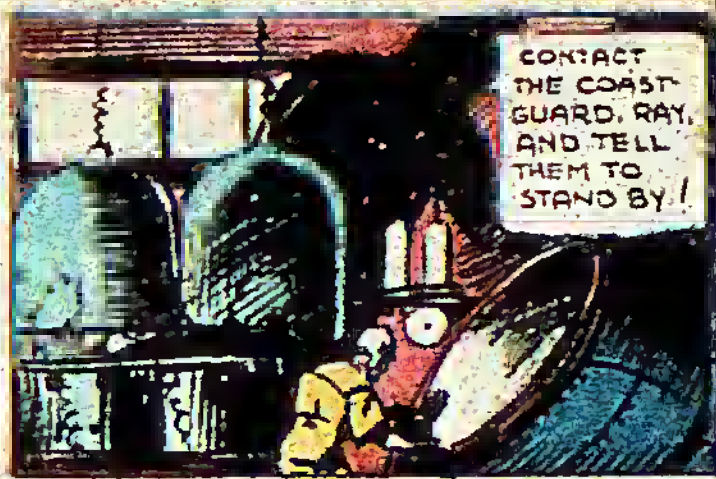


OK!—TELL CAPTAIN  
VON STROBER THAT  
THERE WILL BE JUST  
ONE MORE PLANE  
LOAD. THEN WE  
WILL HAVE ALL THE GOLD  
THERE WAS IN THE  
VAULT!!

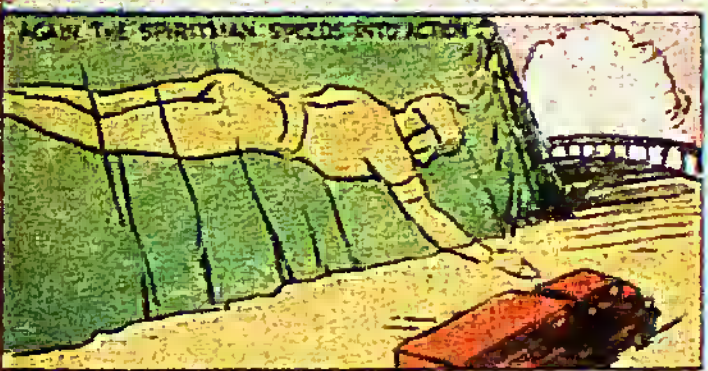
IT'LL TAKE LONGER THIS TRIP!—THE CAPTAIN  
MOVED THE "WINTERLAND" FARTHER OUT TO  
SEA—SO AS NOT TO  
AROUSE SUSPICION AND  
ENABLE US TO MAKE A  
BETTER GET-A-WAY!



CONTACT  
THE COAST  
GUARD, RAY,  
AND TELL  
THEM TO  
STAND BY!



AGAIN THE SPIRITMAN SPEEDS INTO ACTION



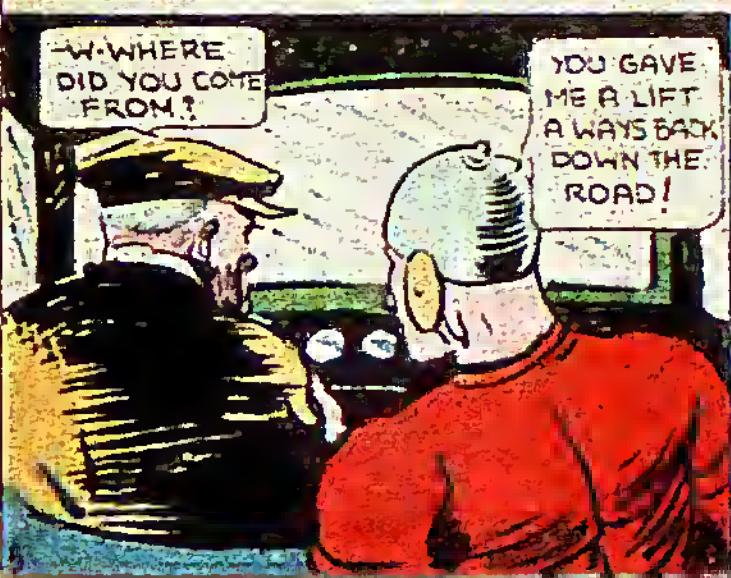
PULL OVER!!

WHAT  
TH—!



W-WHERE  
DID YOU COME  
FROM?

YOU GAVE  
ME A LIFT  
A WAYS BACK  
DOWN THE  
ROAD!

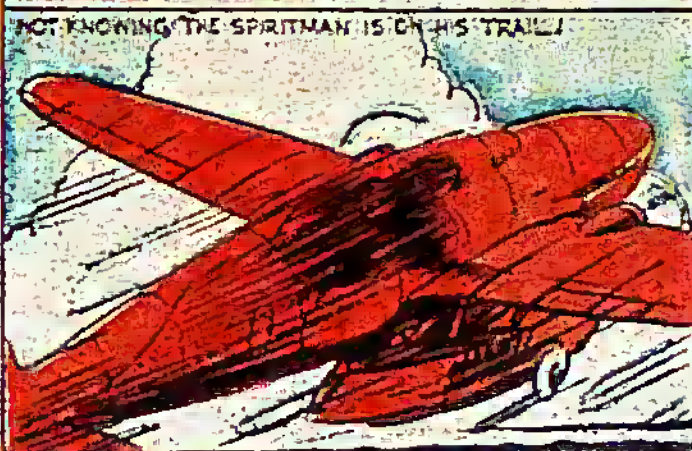
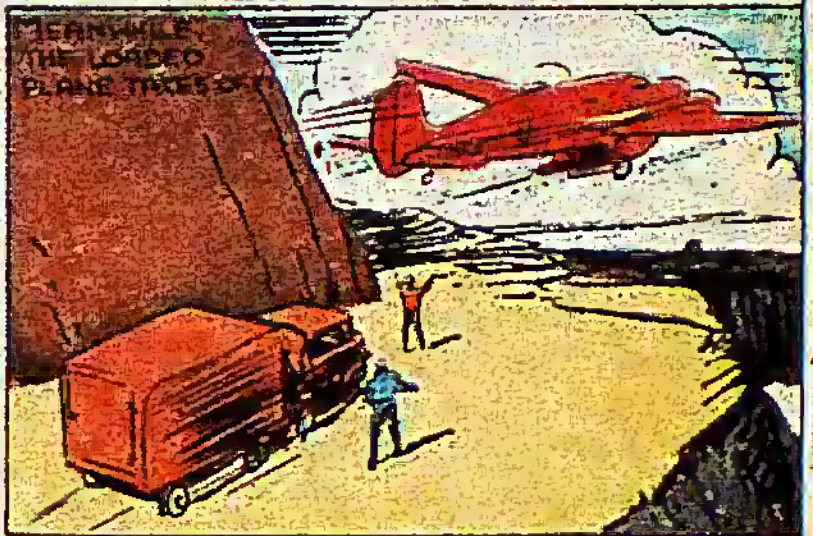
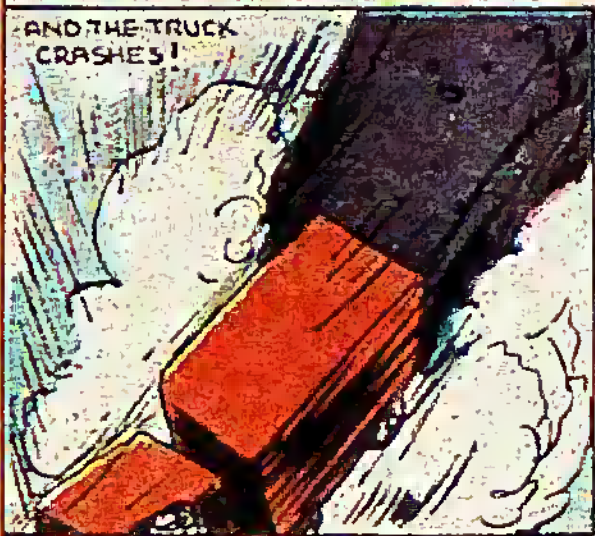
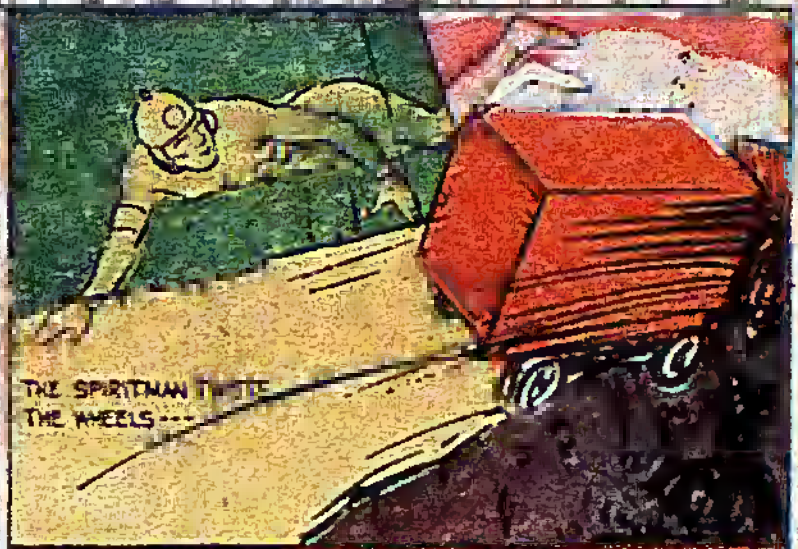


I DID NOT!  
WHO ARE YOU?

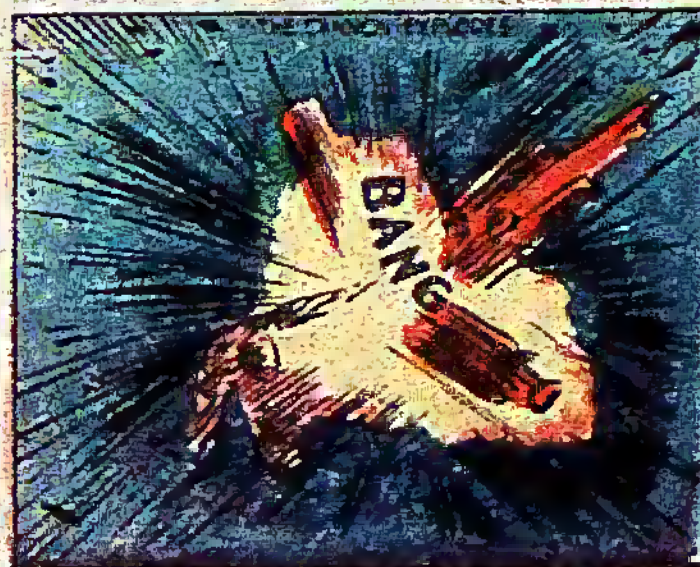
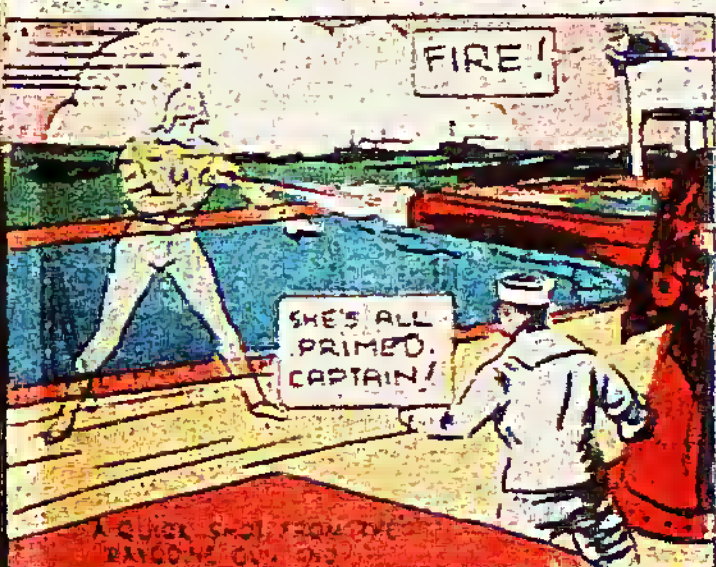
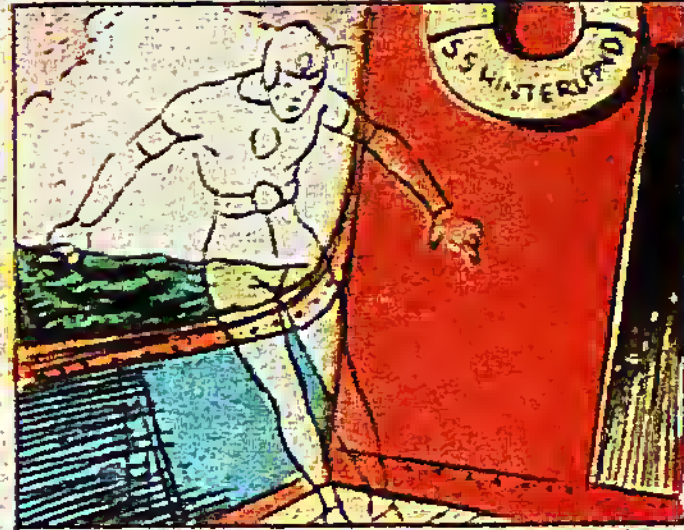
PULL  
OVER!



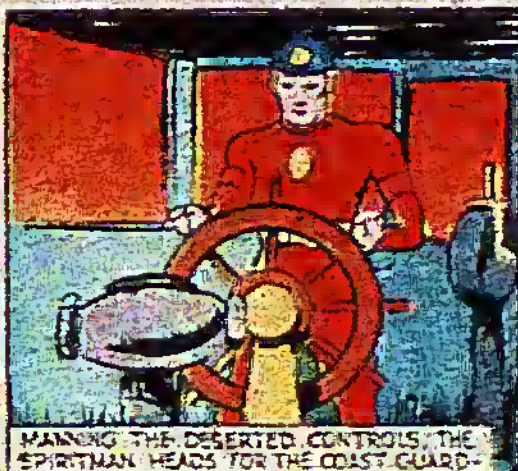




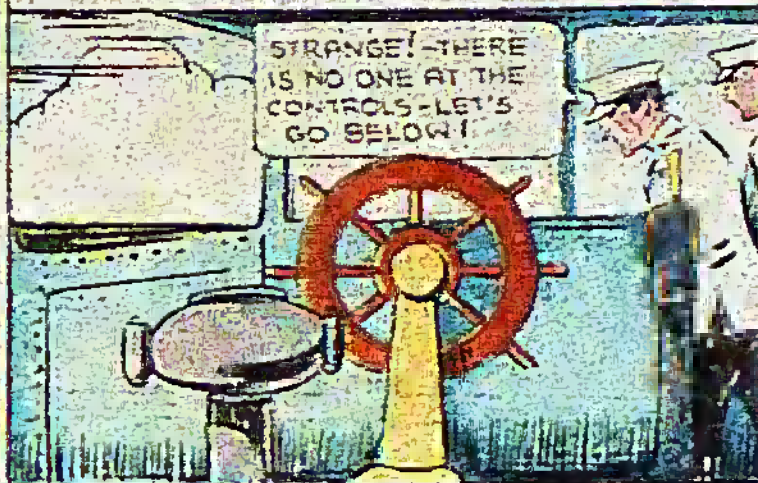




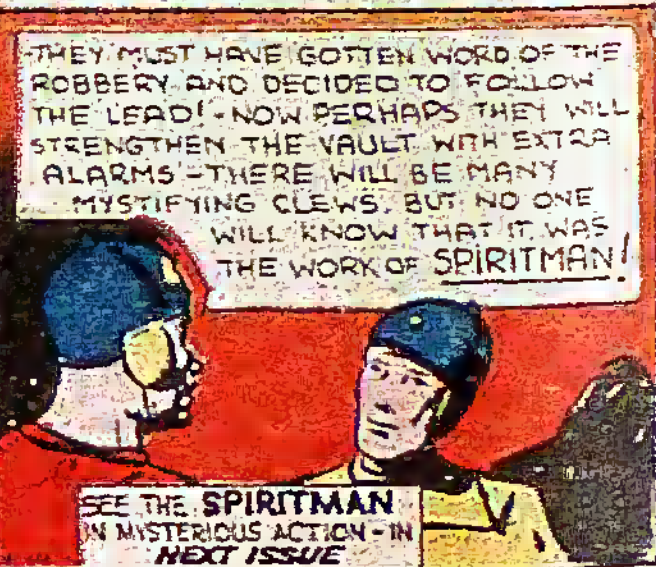




MANNING THE DESERTED CONTROLS, THE SPIRITMAN HEADS FOR THE COAST GUARD.



BACK AT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS



SEE THE SPIRITMAN IN MYSTERIOUS ACTION - IN NEXT ISSUE



DID YOU SAY **THRILLS?**

"THE FOOLS!  
THEY THINK I'M  
BEATEN, BECAUSE  
THEY COULD NOT  
FIND ME-HA! HA!  
JUST WAIT TIL NEXT  
ISSUE, WHEN I SHOW  
MY REAL POWER."



YOU MUST  
NOT MISS  
THE NEXT GREAT  
GRIPPING EPISODE OF  
**THE CLAW...**

AND THE ADVENTURE  
OF THE DOUBLE-FISTED  
**CAPT. FEARLESS** →

**"SPIRITMAN"**

WILL BE THERE TOO...  
YOU CAN'T SEE HIM-BUT  
HE PACKS THE MOST  
POWERFUL PUNCH!

**ACTION?  
MYSTERY?  
ADVENTURE?**

GET IT ALL  
IN THE NEXT

**SILVERSTREAK  
COMICS**

OUT NOV. 10<sup>TH</sup>.

